Vol. CCXIII, No. 2784

The SPHERE

ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW

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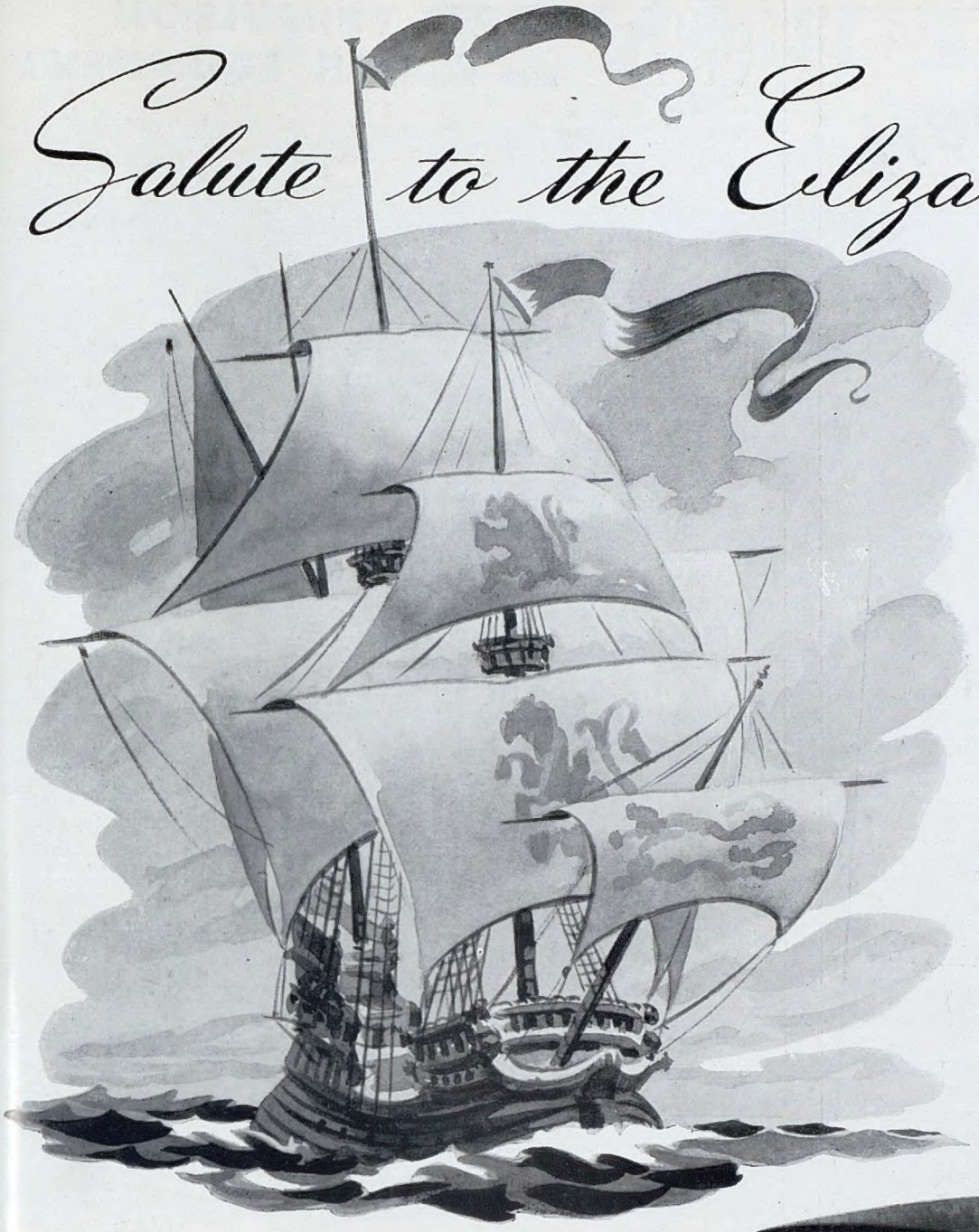

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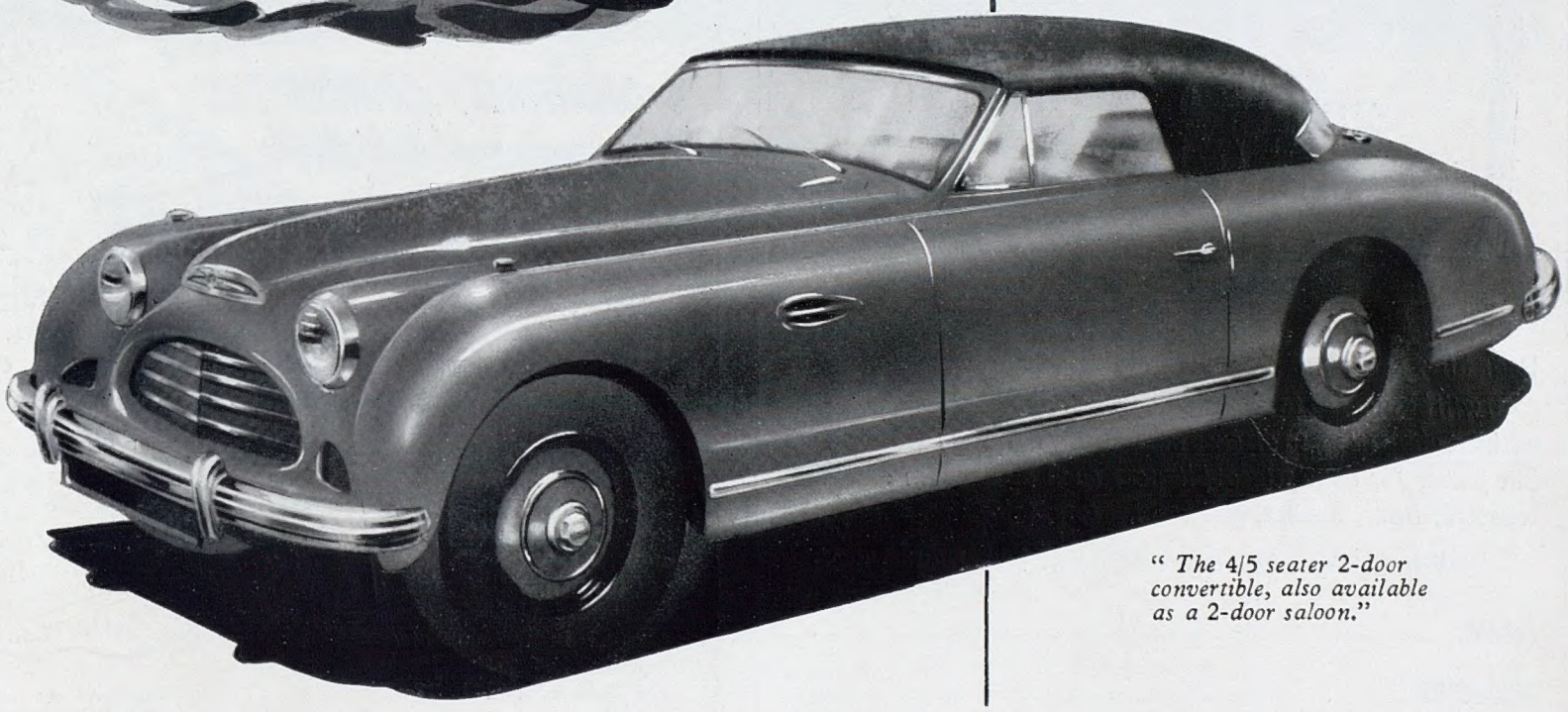

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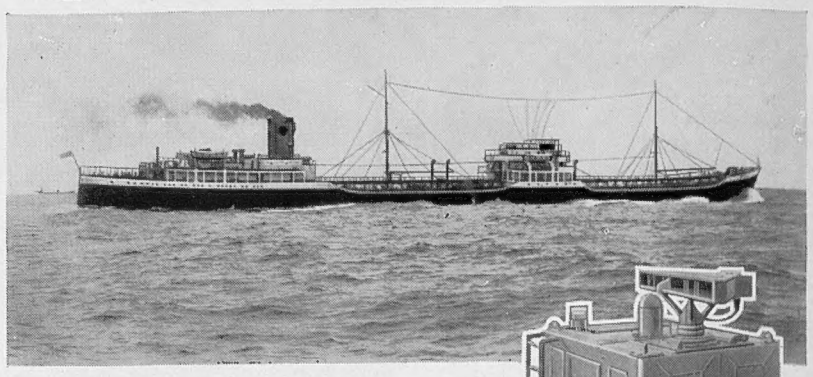

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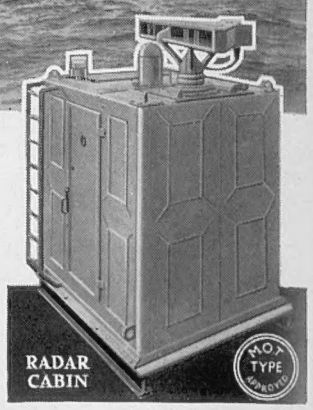

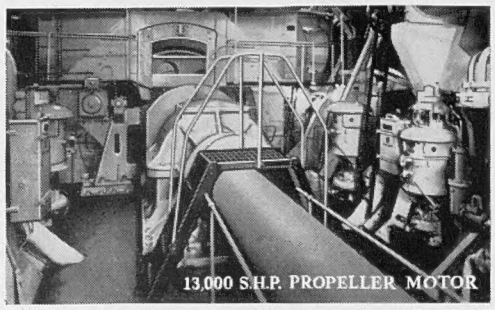

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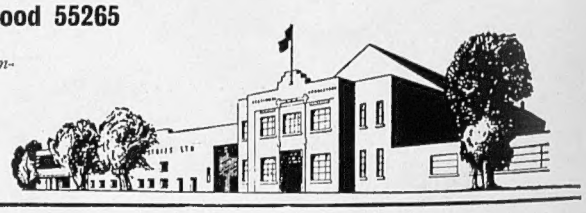

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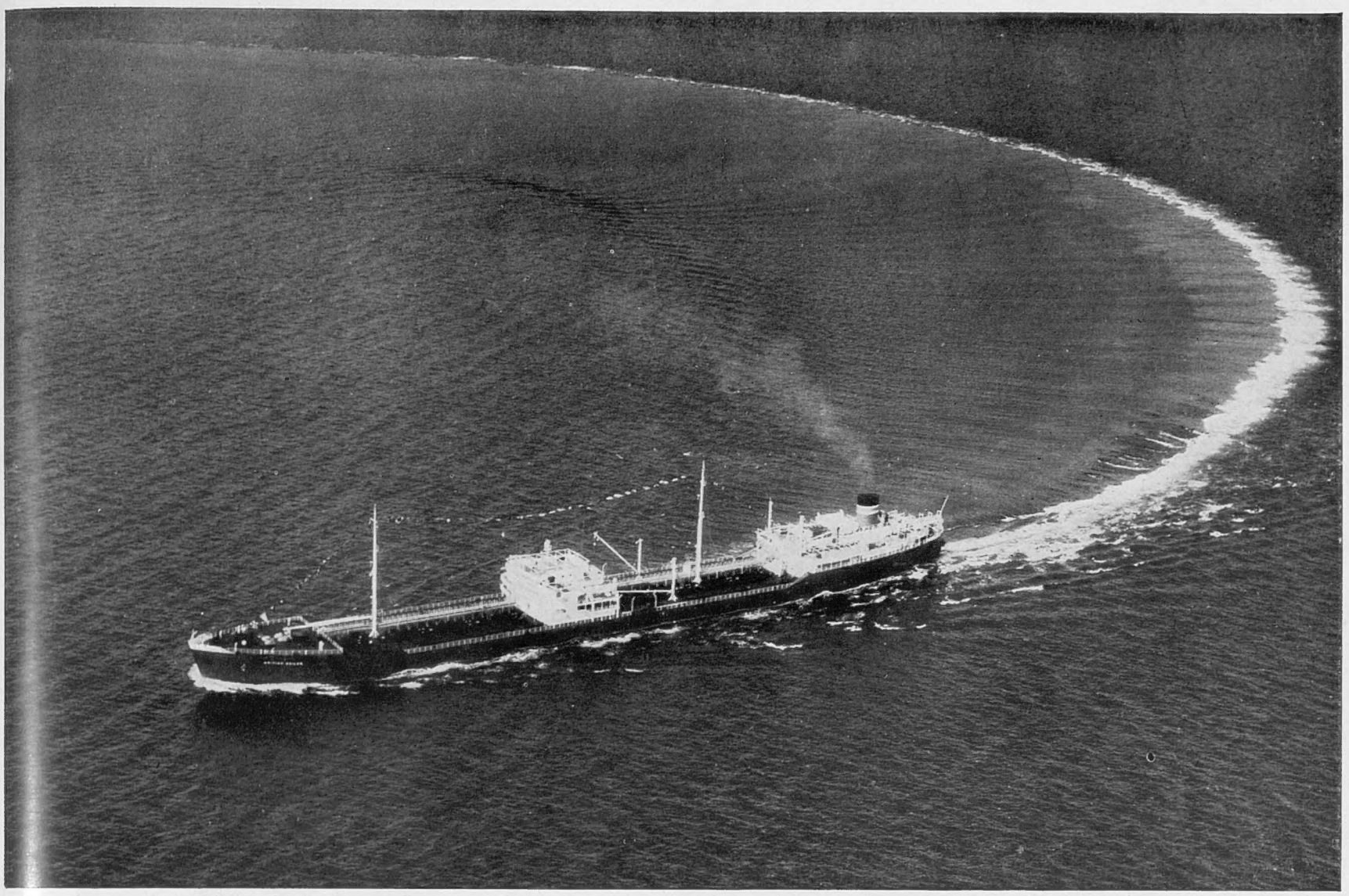

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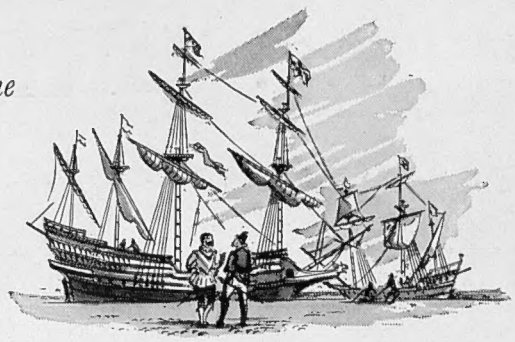

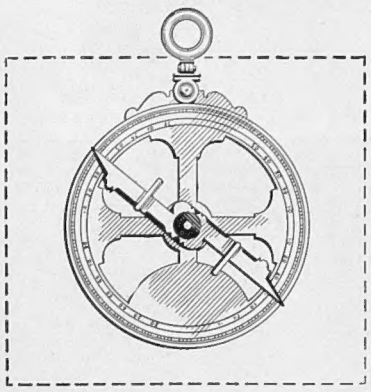

Probably the earliest form of instrument designed for taking altitudes at sea, the Mariner's Astrolabe was invented by Hipparchus in 160 B.C. Its later development is credited to a German, Martin Behain, who produced one in 1480.

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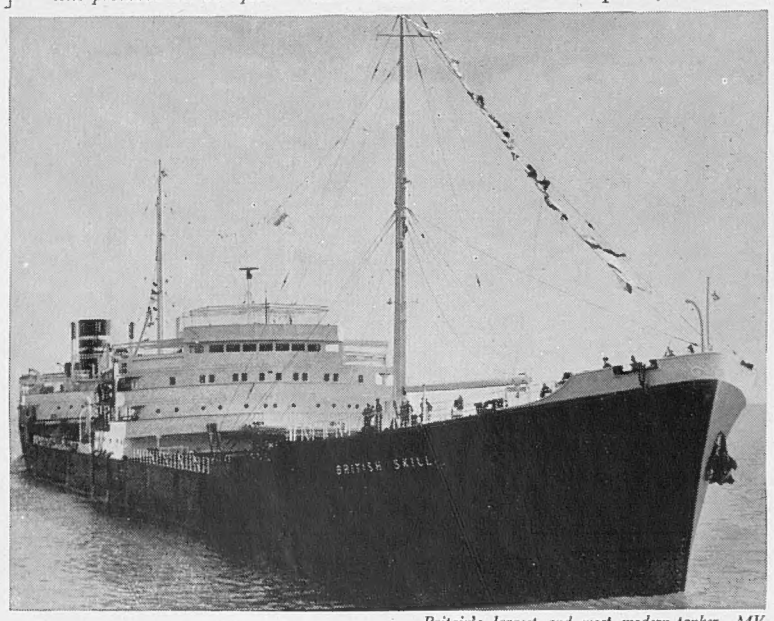

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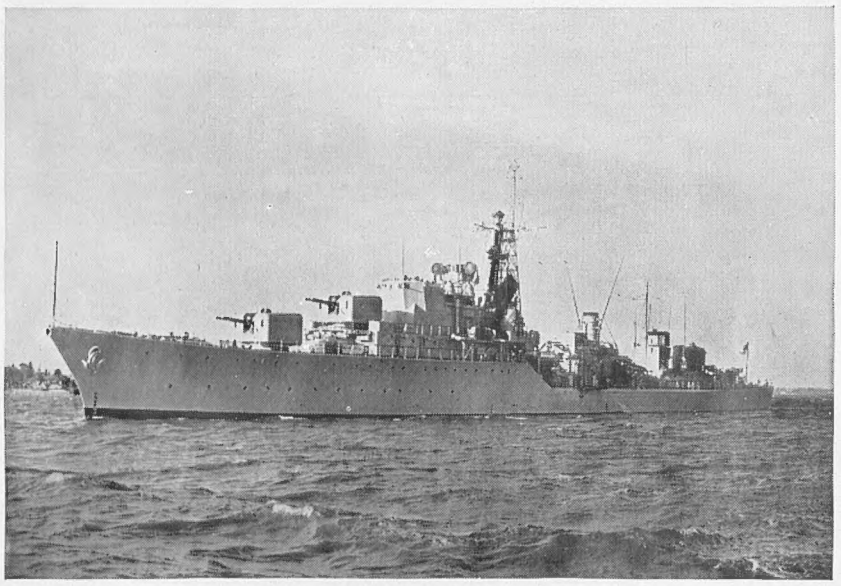

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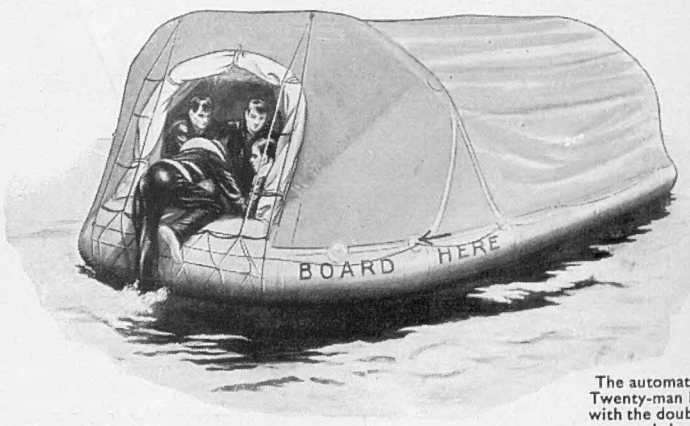

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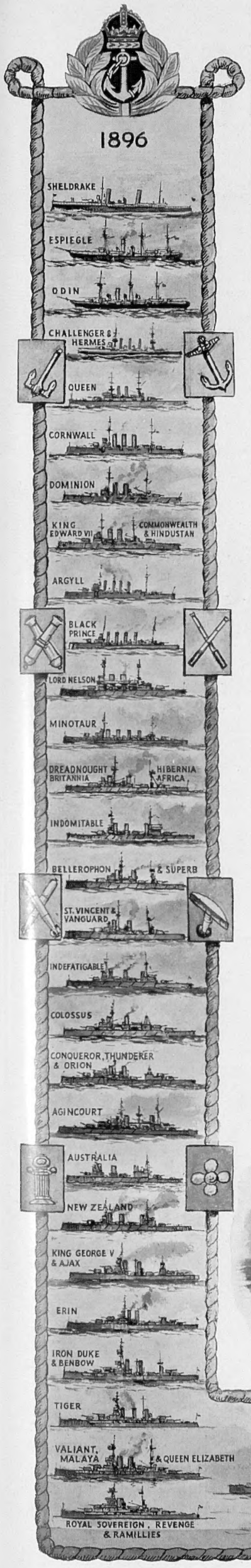
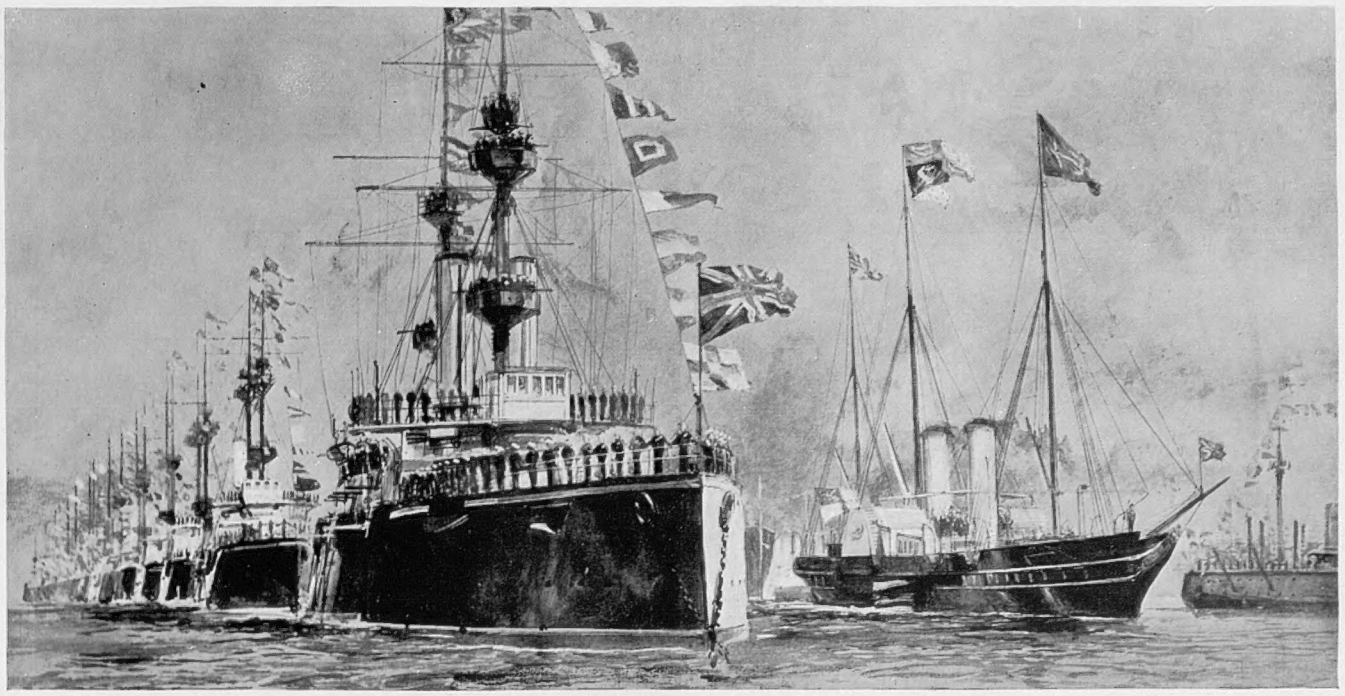


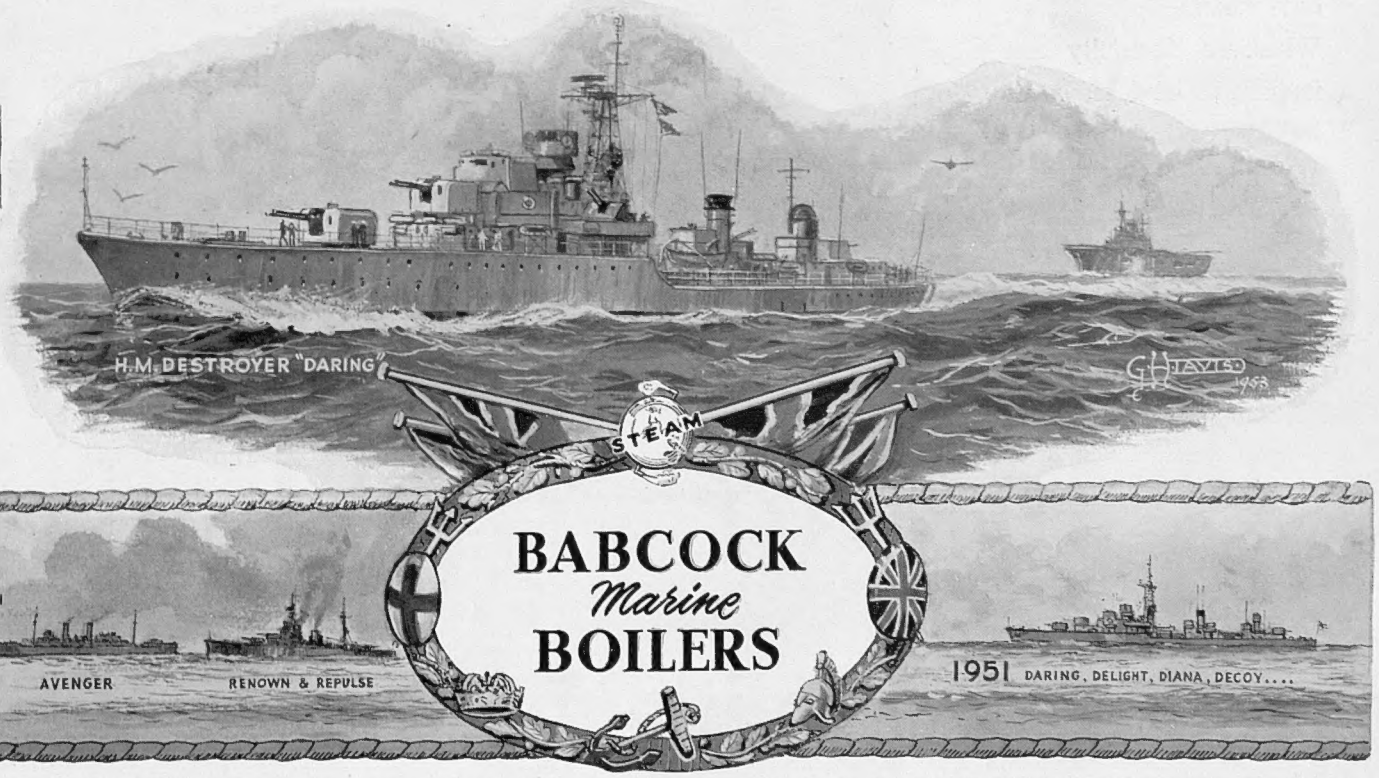


Reproduced by courtesy of "The Illustrated London News" from their issue of July 3rd, 1897.

Less than a year after the Naval Review celebrating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, H.M.S. SHELDRAKE was refitted at Chatham. She was a torpedo-gunboat of 735 tons displacement and the purpose of her refit was to replace her locomotive-type boilers by water-tube units manufactured by Babcock & Wilcox ; for " The Battle of the Boilers", between the supporters of the cylindrical and various water-tube types, was at its height.

The tests carried out with "Sheldrake" and her larger sisters "Hermes" and "Espiegle" were a decisive factor in the report of the Admiralty Committee on Boilers, issued in 1904, which was to lead to the adoption of Babcock boilers for a long and impressive line of naval vessels, many of whose names have resounded in the Nation's history. In the post-war years Babcock boilers have been specified for the new building programme of the Royal Navy, including such outstanding recent vessels as "Daring", "Delight", "Diana" and "Decoy" and for all the newest anti-submarine frigates.

It is a far cry from the Diamond Jubilee to the Coronation Review of our present Queen ; but the boiler plant of "Daring" and "Sheldrake" shares a common ancestry. The link between The Royal Navy and Babcock & Wilcox, forged fifty-six years ago, remains unbroken.



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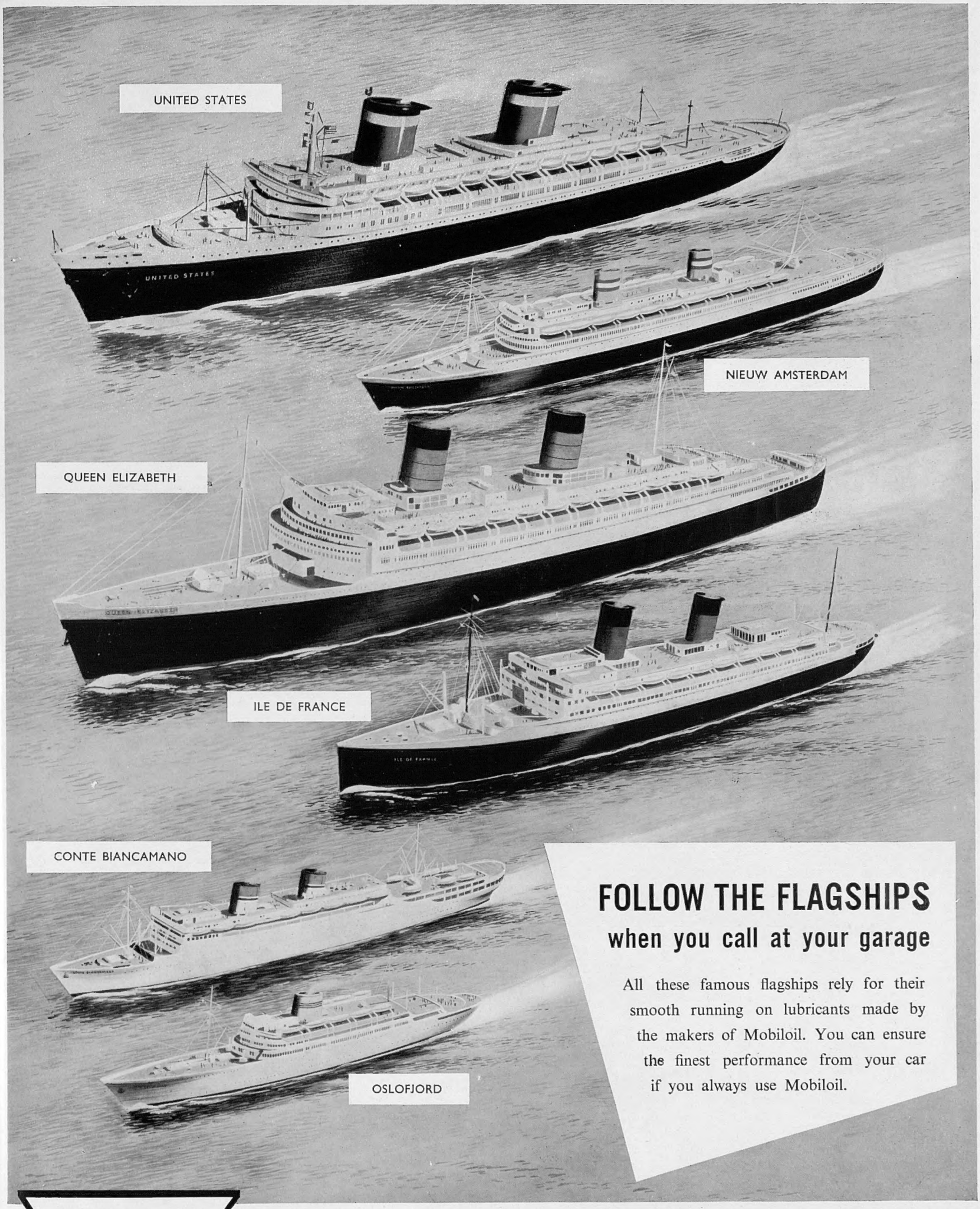

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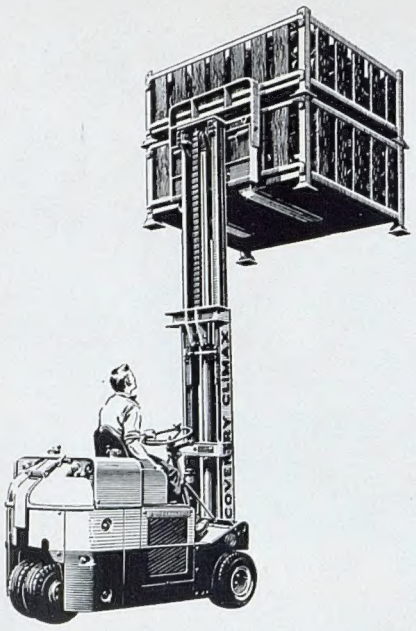

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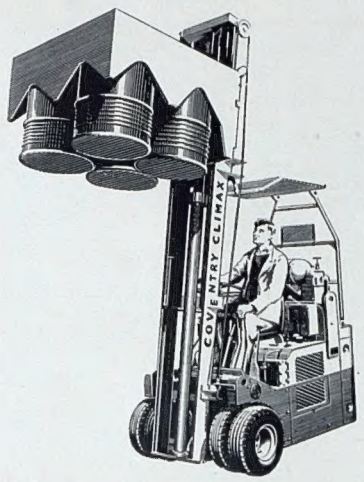

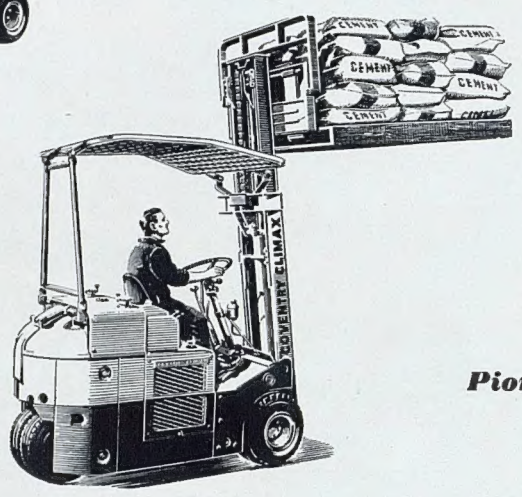

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DOWSETT

" In Lowestoft a boat was laid,
Mark well what I do say!
And she was built for the herring trade,
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',
The Lord knows where!"

(" The Lowestoft Boat,"
by Rudyard Kipling.)

All our ships are not built for the herring trade . . . but on the high seas, on inland waterways, and in ports and harbours all over the world will be found vessels which were laid in the yards of Brooke Marine Ltd., . . . vessels which are outstanding examples of the inherent and traditional skill of British Shipbuilders. Brooke Marine Ltd., the shipbuilding company of the Dowsett Group, has building and repair facilities on two coasts, and during the last twenty years they have constructed more than 1,400 craft of all types.

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The Perfection of Cigarette Luxury
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Volume CCXIII No. 2784 The SPHERE, London, June 20, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE GREAT CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW—A MIGHTY ARRAY OF WARSHIPS ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD IN READINESS FOR THE QUEEN ON MONDAY, JUNE 15 : This view looking towards the head of the line shows the Carriers *Magnificent* (of the Royal Canadian Navy), *Theseus*, *Illustrious*, *Indefatigable*, *Implacable*, *Indomitable* and *Eagle*. In the distance is the battleship *Vanguard*. On the left are seen the cruisers *Quebec*, *Superb*, *Sheffield*, *Swiftsure*, *Gambia* and *Glasgow*.

By June 11, four days before the great Coronation Naval Review, the Fleet at Spithead was complete as far as warships were concerned, and a mighty array it was, stretching almost as far as the eye could see in a series of magnificently ordered lines. Here was the Senior Service paying tribute to the Sovereign, and the Services of other Navies were there in force also to do honour to the Queen, the Cruiser *Baltimore* representing the United States, the *Miguel de Cervantes* representing Spain, the cruiser *Montcalm* representing France, the *Gota Lejon* from Sweden, the *Narvik* from Norway and the much-admired *Sverdlov*, name-ship of a new class, from Soviet Russia. The record of this great Review is given in this issue of *The Sphere* in a special section starting on page 551, showing the Queen passing down the lines of the Fleet and the various events connected with this Naval occasion, culminating in the lighting-up of the whole Fleet.

Postage—Inland, 2½d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.

THREE ROYAL OCCASIONS IN LONDON

THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTS THE CORONATION ROBES: Her Majesty seen in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace during a party given by the Royal School of Needlework in connection with the Exhibition of Coronation Robes. (*See* page 571.)

PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT GROSVENOR HOUSE, WHERE SHE OPENED THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AND EXHIBITION: The Princess was wearing a dress of navy blue taffeta, patterned with white marguerites. In her speech she said it was sad to think that many of the lovely things at the Fair had only become available on the break-up of the homes for which they were originally acquired.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT DANCING WITH THE EARL OF RANFURLY AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: The occasion was a Colonial Coronation Ball given in aid of the British Empire Society for the Blind. The Duchess was wearing a strapless white evening gown, adorned with jewellery.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Peterkin on Korea.—It now seems very probable that the three years war in Korea may end in its present form. "And what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin. The child's rhetorical question had reference to one of Marlborough's wars, but warfare, whether waged with arrows, pikes, blunderbusses or atom bombs, has one thing common to all its horrid forms—brave young men die, and those who loved them wonder whether the sacrifice was worth while, and are hard to convince affirmatively. For three years men have died gallantly on that blasted 150-mile front in Korea, fighting for a cause they did not clearly comprehend, abetting what seemed to be an internecine strife outside the limits of their own world. Peterkin's question posed from America and the Commonwealth and other Western nations is reasonable enough. The answer adjudged correct by the U.N. is: The good which came of it was the vindication of a great, important, noble principle that aggression from any direction is the concern of all civilisation, not alone of the injured party. Spiritually, it was a victory for forty nations in some sort united for a world principle, the United States bearing the vast proportion of the weight and responsibility. Materially, it will end practically where it began on the 38th Parallel, and what the end of it will be, when the U.N. draw out, is anybody's guess. The South Koreans may well queer the pitch of any settlement. But Korea is a landmark and a stage forward and a portent. Far more than Blenheim or Ramillies or even Waterloo, it was a "glorious victory" heralding perhaps more than 100 years of peace. For this time it was along the bloody path which, in the dim future, may lead to peace gained without the imbecile arbitrament of war.

This is England.—What is the picture of modern England that patriots would wish to be carried back to Mars by the man from Mars, by Mr. Marshall to America and by the Queen of Tonga to Tonga, not to mention to Russia, China, Africa, Asia, and so on, by Coronation visitors? I feel sure that we couldn't choose a better than that revealed between dawn on June 2 to dusk on June 6, 1953. A united nation, a happy, good-humoured, disciplined nation, friendly and full of humour, sentiment, loyalty, enthusiasm; proud of itself but not vain-glorious, concerned with the sweets of peace, wishing evil to none and happiness to all. And how was the picture set? In the Abbey and in the streets, the streets of ceremony and the workaday streets and on the Downs at Epsom. Set in majesty and solemnity, in love and loyalty, in patience and endurance, in Cockney humour and the sporting spirit, by a nation wise enough still to understand the value of being wisely and gracefully led. No, I can't imagine a lovelier nor on those days a truer picture of modern England, nor one so superbly valuable in our export drive, as it travels out to the four corners of the world with its legend: "These people *have got something*; that old country is still to be reckoned with; there are lessons to be learned from it. A secret none can utter." If that picture for export was not good propaganda for Britain, the export of works of art has not even a dollar value. That is England, that was! We may not look so good in July, human nature and backyard-and-party-politics being what they are. But let us remember June 2-6, 1953. We can do it still. We *might* do it non-stop.

Derby 1953.—

"O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?"

The quotation seems ill-chosen. "What *are* Keats?" as the judge asked. When the first Derby winner to beat a queen and to be ridden by a British knight romped home an easy first, the knight was alone, but neither pale nor loitering. "Richards himself again," would perhaps do better. Well, if it couldn't be the Queen, we were all glad it was Sir Gordon. But if it had been Aureole's day, I fancy the scene on the Downs would have gone down in the history books as a paragraph as essential as the Coronation. King Edward VII's Epsom triumph has its place in sober histories. Queen Elizabeth II's would have had a chapter. Perhaps it was better as it was. Perhaps the human mind has a limit to the triumphs it can stand on four summer days. And even the Sport of Kings is democratic and sporting. There are no favourites in racing except among the bookies and the punters, who, being human, sometimes err, but seldom on the side of sentiment.

A Thought for Mr. Eden.—Many besides the Premier must have spared a thought for Mr. Eden in his grievous afflictions and disappointments. Many must wish him a happy return from Boston and full restoration to health at last. He has missed so much. He would have naturally played a distinguished and graceful part in the Coronation ceremonies. He would have entertained the Queen at Lancaster House. He would have discussed vital international matters with many visiting statesmen and conducted negotiations on many great matters near to his heart and shaped by his planning. And all the time he has been in eclipse, recovering from serious operations and preparing for yet another operation. It is bitter for any man to feel "out of it all," more than bitter for one who would have been in the very centre of the stage. I reflect how much success in public life depends on good health, far, far more than it did in old days. Pitt could carry the heaviest burdens of his day in constant ill-health. It is impossible to-day. The strain of office too often destroys the essential condition on which great public service and reputation depends. Great public figures must enjoy robust health. Because that is true to-day, it is little harder than it was to be a hero-worshipper. Luck plays a bigger part than it did in greatness. Good health is the greatest asset a man can have, and he who has it is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, is one of the "privileged class."

THE QUEEN VISITS THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT EARLS COURT FOR THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: She is escorted by Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, G.O.C., London District. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was given a warm and enthusiastic reception by the great assembly at Earls Court. The Duke of Edinburgh inspected the guard of honour of the three Services drawn up before the Royal box and later took the salute as the detachments—which were drawn from the Royal Navy, the Welsh Guards and the Royal Air Force—marched past. Pictures of the Royal Tournament appear on page 575 of this issue.

France in Eclipse.—After Renaud, Mendès-France, and after Mendès-France, Bidault, who, nearly three weeks after M. Mayer's Government was overthrown, failed by one vote before the National Assembly. Once more the President must look round, and somehow I feel sure that before these lines are printed France will have a temporary Premier. A situation when it reaches the limit of absurdity is usually resolved. If M. Bidault, ex-Foreign Minister and ex-Premier, Popular Republican, had secured another lease of office, I think it would have been a short lease; but he did appeal to popular sentiment in a big way when he said that with all his heart he wished to lighten the burden which the French had borne so long in Indo-China. M. Mendès-France opened his mouth less wide than M. Renaud but too wide for the Conservatives and half the Gaullists. He asked some novelties: To choose his own Government and not to have the greasy pack dealt out among all the ex-premiers and hacks on a principle of "fair shares for all." He demanded of the Ministers of his choice that when he fell, they would not, as a matter of course, take portfolios in the next shuffle. These demands were just too much for the "old firm" of many parties. But the limit of absurdity had arrived,

and even the most cynical Parisians or the most locally-concerned French peasants must soon see that the constitution *is* their concern, and that they must take steps to reform it before the "old firm" brings down the glorious name of France in universal contempt and ridicule. France demands "a voice in international settlements." She seems quite incapable of finding her voice. All we seem to hear these days is the collection of generalities which seems to be the only way an intending Prime Minister can get near securing a majority.

A Corner of West Sussex.—That small but select corner of West Sussex which includes Goodwood, Petworth and Cowdray is certainly to-day among the most favoured parts of England. It caters in a big way for all sorts of tastes, offering the very best to all and each. If you care for pictures, Petworth supplies the finest private collection in England; if you are fond of polo, the best available is yours at Cowdray at week-ends, rain or shine. If you are fond of racing, Goodwood is the venue of the world's best racehorses. If you are mechanically-minded or a speed fiend, Goodwood also supplies a track for motor-racing. And if your taste is for natural beauty or historic interest, you can climb the Downs and drink in the beauty of the sea or the weald between Up Park and Cocking Down, or picnic in the loveliest parks in England. Naturally, we who live in this *angulus rideus* cannot expect to keep these treasures private. Our charms attract people from further and further afield. The foreigner now completely swamps the native on Cowdray's seven grounds, and once your car is parked on the rails, you are fixed there immovably to the end of the day. And racing at Goodwood, be it horse- or motor-racing, brings to our country roads and lanes an element of danger and surprise to which we are not habituated by normal conditions. Our famous sunken lanes are not built for racing enthusiasts or for "fat men" playing solo whist in London taxis. But we realise that we must pay for our popularity and for our natural blessings—though sometimes we wish that our visitors had a little more of our native courtesy, patience and respect for our countryside.

Bad Baronet.—"In the very nature of things one would expect a baronet to be a shining example of honour and integrity." As I know well, it is not always easy to find the *mot juste* with which to brand infamy when sentencing a convicted person, and I have always sympathised with the J.P. who produced: "You had an expensive education at Eton and Oxford, *instead of which* you go about stealing fowls." But the example I have quoted, which fell from the judge last week when he sentenced a baronet, is worthy of "This England" and a *peer* of the best *ex cathedra* pronouncements. "*In the very nature of things?*" The Victorian novelist taught us that baronets are *bad* in the very nature of things. This particular baronet was no stranger to my bench and was very bad. I know that most baronets are very good, but what struck me most about this baronet was not his infamy, but the gullibility of his victims. He was allowed—though a long undischarged bankrupt baronet—to run up credits to £500 a time at West End hotels and country hotels, and to run big credits for spirits at numberless country shops, solely because he *was* a baronet. This seems to confirm Judge Tudor Rees' dictum about the nature of things (if not of baronets), and to strengthen my own conviction that the continued creation of baronets is dangerous because so many hoteliers and shopkeepers bank so confidently on the essential integrity of baronets. No London hotelier would allow me to run up a £500 credit for cocktails. But a bad baronet has the courage and the credit of his (previous) convictions.

Thanet.—The title of Thanet, which it is understood will be revived by a Coronation Honours peer, was long held by the Tuftons of Appleby Castle, Westmorland. The 9th Earl of that creation was a friend and patron of Thomas Creevey, who sat for Appleby for some years by the favour of that nobleman. When the 11th and last Earl died in early Victorian days, a French subject, Richard Tufton, succeeded to his estates and became naturalised. His son was created Lord Hothfield. These Tuftons had large estates in the North of England and also a few thousand acres in Kent. The new peer of the name chooses it for political and social services in the Isle of Thanet and not as a landowner, though he once owned a house near Broadstairs named in honour of his Danish wife "Flora Danica." On the whole, I prefer even to-day the choice of a place-name for a peerage, unless the honoured man has a name which is both euphonious and famous. I think double-barrelled surnames such as Webb-Johnson inappropriate. And Earl Lloyd-George, though it carried fame, was not particularly euphonious.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND

By NEIL GUNN

(AUTHOR OF "THE LOST GLEN," "YOUNG ART AND OLD HECTOR," AND "THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END.")

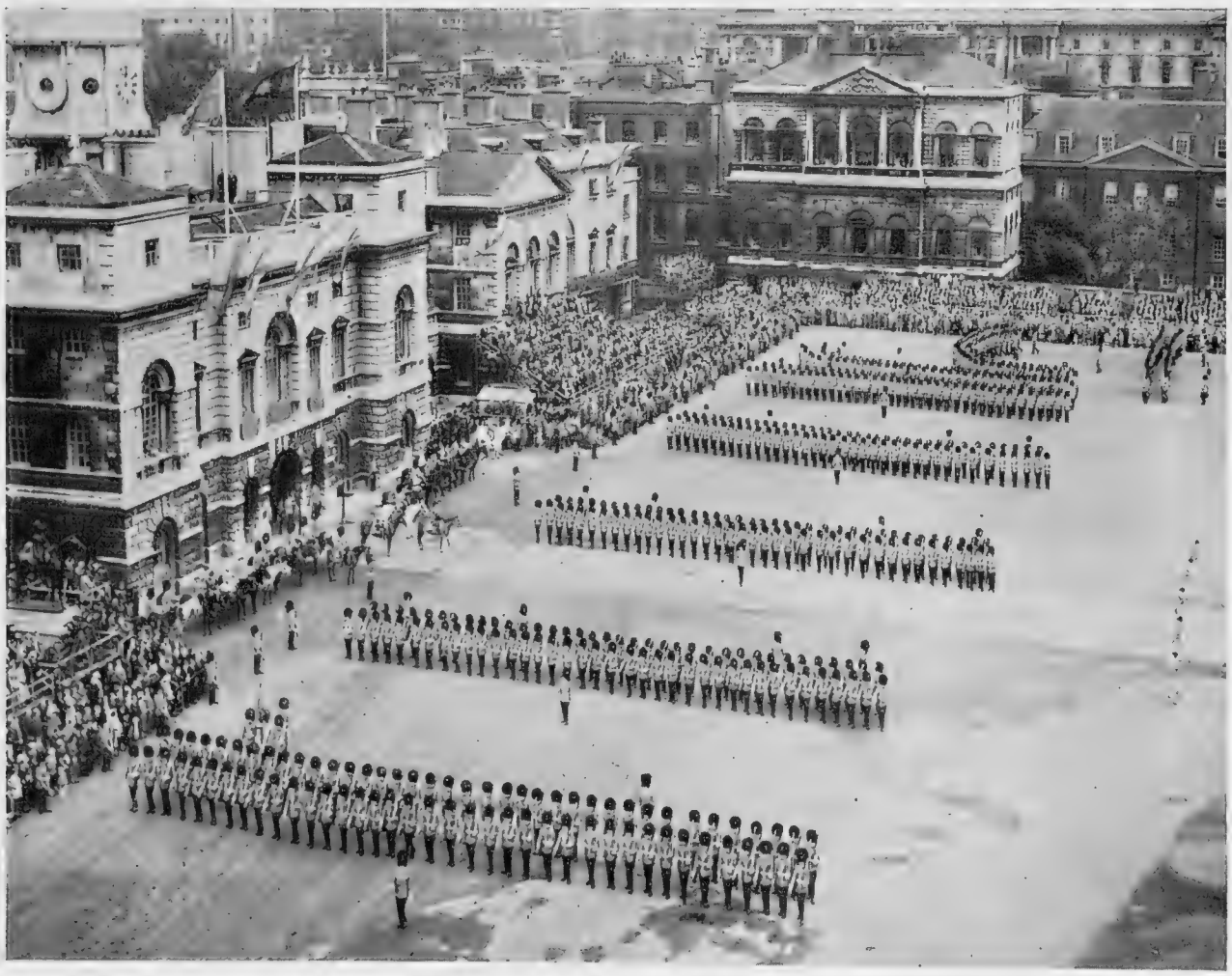
With Special "Sphere" Drawings by William McLeod

POST-CORONATION ACTIVITIES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE THRONE DAIS IN THE CORONATION THEATRE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY IS THE SETTING FOR A VERSE PLAY SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE DEAN AND CHAPTER IN CONNECTION WITH THE ABBEY APPEAL FUND: The play *Out of the Whirlwind*, which is the first play to be produced inside the Abbey for several centuries, is by Christopher Hassall. It tells the story of a wrestle for a human soul between a Canon of Westminster (Robert Harris) and the Devil (Reginald Tate), and is a modern interpretation on the theme of Job. The soul is that of Martha Gam (Fay Compton), a young bride of 1914, who during the course of the play has to face the trials of the ensuing years. Although the play has a modern setting there are flashbacks to medieval times, with a band of medieval miracle players serving as chorus and stage mechanics. St. Peter is played by Robert Speaight.

LORD BRABAZON OPENS THE CORONATION BIBLE EXHIBITION IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Rev. James Mcwhirter, Director of the Exhibition (which has been staged by The Bible Speaks to Britain Movement) presents Lord Brabazon with a Bible during the opening ceremony in the Chapter House. Third from left is the Dean of Westminster, Dr. A. C. Don. *On left:* **Chain Bible, 1539:** A facsimile of the Admonition put up over the Great Bible which was set up in St. Paul's Cathedral. Written by the Bishop of London, it requires that the Book shall be read soberly and devoutly. *On right*—Six small Bibles which fit a dessertspoon. The scheme of the Exhibition covers the origin of the Bible in other languages and British beginnings from Anglo-Saxon times to Wycliffe. This is followed by glimpses of the last four centuries during which the Bible has taken firm root in our language. Perhaps the main attraction is the Bible which was presented to the Queen at her Coronation. The exhibition remains open until July 4.

THE QUEEN, SEATED SIDE-SADDLE ON THE METROPOLITAN POLICE HORSE WINSTON, RIDES OUT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO ATTEND THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE TO MARK HER OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY: Riding a pace or two behind the Queen are seen Field-Marshal the Duke of Edinburgh, who carried the gold-tipped baton of his rank, and the Duke of Gloucester, who wore the uniform of a Colonel in the Scots Guards. The Duke of Edinburgh's horse, Yoke Feet, walked crabwise down the Mall at the start of the parade, but the Duke mastered him and for a time he behaved in more orderly fashion. Three hours before the Queen left Buckingham Palace the Mall was lined with spectators, and with an hour still to go it was packed. The day began in sunshine, but before the start of the parade rain was falling. This did not deter enormous crowds from thronging the approaches to the Palace and giving the Queen a resounding ovation. The Queen, as the central figure in this great military occasion, once again showed perfect poise and composure throughout an exacting hour on parade. This was the second year in which the Queen had ridden to the Trooping the Colour in her capacity as Sovereign, and previously she had attended on behalf of her father, King George VI. This was the first occasion on which the Duke of Edinburgh had ridden in the parade.



TROOPING THE COLOUR

ANOTHER GREAT DAY OF PAGEANTRY AS THE QUEEN RIDES AT THE HEAD OF HER GUARDS

On left—

THE GUARDS MARCH PAST THE QUEEN: This is an overhead view of the scene during the big parade on the Horse Guards. Her Majesty is seen seated erect on her horse Winston, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester a pace behind.

On left—

THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE : Her Majesty on her police horse Winston during the march past on the Horse Guards Parade. The Queen wore a scarlet tunic and a dark blue riding skirt, and her tricorne hat is a replica of a hat worn by a Grenadier Colonel 200 years ago.

Below—

TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the close of the morning's ceremonial. During the parade in 1952 Winston gave the Queen an uncomfortable ride, his restlessness on that occasion being due, it is believed, to the over-tightening of one of the saddle girths. This year it was the Duke's horse which was restive. While the Queen and the Duke sat their mounts in the gateway of the Palace, acknowledging the various units as they passed by, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, Prince Charles and Princess Anne looked down from the Palace balcony.

THE RETU[illegible] TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The Queen leading the para[illegible] along the Mall, with the Duke's horse, Yokefleet, still "pla[illegible]g up," apparently upset by the crescendo of cheering.

PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE DRIVING FROM THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE : They travelled in a landau accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The hood had to be drawn down as rain had begun to fall.

Foreign News in Pictures

FACETS OF WAR AND PEACE

The Conference Table at Panmunjom; the Soviet Zone Barriers Go Up in Austria; the Political Battles in France and Italy; Continued Tension at Suez

ALLIED AND COMMUNIST TRUCE NEGOTIATORS AT PANMUNJOM BEGINNING ONE OF THE CONFERENCES WHICH SEEMED AT LAST TO PROMISE PEACE: Admiral Joseph Daniel is seen at his place at the conference table (extreme left) while General William K. Harrison, the senior Allied negotiator, is about to sit down. On the right of the table are the Communist team. Last week the two sides had agreed on all the major problems of an armistice and had settled down to work out the technical details. But there was no relaxation for the fighting forces of either side. The Allied main line in the east central sector was attacked in strength by the Chinese, forces estimated at 6,000 striking the South Korean 5th Division at three points and breaking through the defences along a two-mile front. At the same time the South Korean President, Syngman Rhee, and his supporters were continuing their campaign against the signing of an armistice agreement. The South Korean National Assembly met at Pusan and voted extraordinary powers to Mr. Rhee to deal with the critical situation.

PYUN YUNG TAI, ACTING PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH KOREA, MAKING A VIGOROUS STATEMENT TO NEWSPAPER-MEN ON HIS COUNTRY'S DETERMINATION TO CONTINUE FIGHTING THE COMMUNISTS: While the negotiators at Panmunjom were smiling in agreement, the atmosphere in the South Korean capital was anything but happy. South Koreans were demonstrating their resentment at the proposed peace terms and making professions of undying determination to oppose any cease-fire while Chinese Communists remained on Korean soil. President Syngman Rhee continued to vow that he would have nothing to do with the truce as arranged by the United Nations and the Communists. The streets of Seoul were resounding with cries of "We demand unification or death!" and "We shall march to the Yalu River." It was clear that public opinion had been carefully drilled in the attitude Mr. Syngman Rhee's Government believed it would take.

THE BARRIERS GO UP IN AUSTRIA, USHERING IN A NEW ERA OF GOOD WILL BETWEEN THE OCCUPYING POWERS: A Soviet soldier is seen in the background sitting nonchalantly near the barrier while traffic passed unchecked over the bridge linking Urfahr, in the Soviet Occupation Zone of Austria, and Linz, which is in the American Zone. *Below*—Traffic travelling unchecked across the check-point near the Semmering Pass. The Soviet decision to lift the general control on goods and persons crossing Soviet Zone demarcation lines in Austria came into effect on June 9, causing great joy throughout the country. On the Linz-Urfahr crossing-line quite a crowd assembled for the removal of the barriers, and great applause broke out when the task was completed. Checking of passengers on trains has also ceased, but the examination of luggage-vans continues, also the examination of heavy lorries on the Semmering route. The Austrian Chancellor described the Soviet decision, which was conveyed to him by Major-General Kraskevitch, Deputy High Commissioner, as highly gratifying.

THE HOUR OF HIS RELEASE DRAWS NEAR: Major-General Dean (right), former Commander of the United States 24th Division, seen in a prisoner-of-war camp in North Korea. He has been captive since July 1950, when he was taken prisoner during the battle for Taejon. It was on July 20, 1950, that the U.S. 24th Division withdrew its rearguard on Taejon, and a few days later Dean was officially listed as missing. He had last been seen going out in pursuit of Soviet tanks, armed with one of the new 3·5 bazookas which were destined at that time to help in turning the tide of war. It was widely thought that Dean was dead, but later he was interviewed by correspondents in a prison camp and gave an account of his remarkable adventures when attempting to regain the Allied lines. The General is living in captivity in a two-roomed house. He exercises vigorously, and spends much time in writing home.

PREMIER DE GASPERI LOOKS PENSIVE AFTER HEARING THE NEWS OF THE ITALIAN GENERAL ELECTIONS : As a result of the elections Italy faces a period of political confusion and uncertainty, for voting for the Chamber left the coalition of the four centre parties—the Christian Democrats, the Democratic Socialists, the Liberals and the Republicans—57,000 short of the absolute majority necessary to secure them the advantage provided by the new electoral law which gives a generous bonus of seats to any party or group of parties obtaining a majority of votes in the country. The many splinter parties polled only a few votes, among them the "Beefsteak" Party, which is reminiscent of the celebrated "Ham and Eggs" Party which made a bid for power in pre-war days in California. 4,298 voters went to the poll for the "Beefsteak" Party and 689 voted for the Existentialists. Whatever happens, the centre coalition is assured of a majority in the Chamber, but a recount of the doubtful votes may give them the bonus they originally expected. The Communists and Nenni Socialists have done better than was expected. Over 6,000,000 Communists went to the polls and they now comprise 22 per cent. of the electorate.

M. GEORGES BIDAULT AND THE BID THAT FAILED : The lonely figure of the Prime Minister-designate of France as he sat in the Chamber awaiting the results of the vote on the Premiership. He failed by one vote to obtain the necessary mandate to attempt to form a Government, and so once again the crisis in France continued. M. Bidault's failure came three weeks after the fall of M. Mayer's Government. M. Mendès France, M. Reynaud and others had tried to take M. Mayer's place, but again and again their efforts fell to the ground on the vexed question of finance and on the question of the war in Indo-China, with its constant drain upon the French resources. It is becoming increasingly clear indeed that Indo-China is one of the most intractable problems that have ever faced a French Government. After M. Bidault's defeat in the Assembly in the early hours of the morning President Auriol sent for the leaders of the Parliamentary groups and after prolonged consultations successively asked M. Pleven, M. Pinay and M. Andre Marie to assume the task of forming a Government. The first two refused and M. Andre Marie only accepted after all parties had indicated that he might be a suitable choice. There was some talk last week that there might be a dissolution of the French Parliament and an appeal to the electorate, but observers of the situation were of the opinion that members of the Assembly would not agree voluntarily to this.

THE FEDERAL GERMAN REPUBLIC SIGNS A NEW TRADE AGREEMENT WITH JAPAN : Watched by representatives from both countries, Nobutico Uschiba of Japan and Dr. Hans Strack of West Germany sign the new pact during a ceremony at Bonn. The new pact provides for an exchange of goods worth 45,000,000 dollars from each side, as against a 30,000,000 dollar volume of the old agreement which expires on June 30. Under the terms of the agreement, Japan will send foodstuffs, textiles and steel products, and the Federal Republic will supply machinery, in addition to foodstuffs.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SUEZ AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE CANAL : The British garrison in the Canal Zone has been warned to remain on the alert for possible Egyptian guerilla activity and the strictest watch is being kept on all traffic in the danger area. Meanwhile, in Cairo, political observers had the impression that the Egyptian Government, having embarrassed itself by extravagant anti-British statements, was now waiting for events to offer a suitable opportunity to re-enter negotiations with Great Britain, without the loss of prestige. There was hope that Mr. Dulles's visit to Cairo might have helped towards a solution, while Mr. Nehru and Mr. Mohammed Ali, at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, might have used their good offices on behalf of the Egyptian Government. While General Neguib had made no direct step towards the reopening of negotiations his anxiety to promote a suitable atmosphere for their resumption was becoming more evident. On the other hand, appeals in Egyptian newspapers for more volunteers to enrol for military training camps were a reminder that the regime had not softened in determination.

BRITISH FORCES IN THE CANAL ZONE KEEP AN UNCEASING VIGILANCE AGAINST SURPRISE ATTACK BY EGYPTIAN GUERILLAS : *On left*—**Troops of the Highland Light Infantry searching Egyptians for concealed arms at a road-block about 30 miles from Ismailia on the road to Cairo.** *On right*—**A young soldier seen erecting a tent at a protected point in Ismailia.**

The RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION

The Great Display at Bulawayo to Mark the Centenary of Rhodes, Beit and Jameson

ALL GOVERNMENTS SOUTH OF THE SAHARA ARE CO-OPERATING IN THIS GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT BULAWAYO: The exhibition, which is already open but which will receive an official inauguration in July during the visit of Quee Elizabeth the Queen Mother, marks the centenary of the birth of Cecil Rhodes, also Sir Leander Starr Jameson and Si Alfred Beit, all of whom were born in 1853. Altogether nineteen national pavilions have been erected on the 50-acre site

LOOKING ALONG THE MAIN AVENUE OF THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION IN THE CITY OF BULAWAYO: The pylon on the left, surmounted by the Union Jack and the South African flag, bears the word "gold" in golden letters. The exhibition opened on May 30 and will continue until August 29.

On right—

THIS IS THE CHARTER HOUSE: It is the pavilion of the British South Africa Company, which held the mineral rights over Southern Rhodesia until it was bought out by the British Government.

Cecil Rhodes, who was born in Bishops Stortford o July 5, 1853, Sir Leander Starr Jameson, who w born in Edinburgh on February 9 of the same year, a Sir Alfred Beit, who was born in Hamburg on February 1853, all made their careers upon the African contine There their talents developed and fused, and their greate work was done, Rhodes, the visionary and man of acti Beit, the financier and benefactor, and Jameson, t politician and administrator, three firm friends who, desp mistakes and miscalculations, left their mark upon Cent and Southern Africa for ever. To-day the great centen exhibition in Bulawayo draws attention to their fame a to their achievements, but it does more than that, it focus attention on Central African development in this year wh Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasalan all at differing stages of political develop ment, are castin in their lot together, it is hoped for the common goo Under this federal plan it may well be that a great n nation is in process of coming into being in the heart the African continent.

SOME OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ADORNMENTS OF THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION: *Left*—The pavilion of the Union of South Africa, a simple building which none the less reflects the traditional Cape style. *Right*—The centrepiece of the exhibition, a pylon with a large revolving globe of the world at its head. The silver globe gleams in the sunlight during the day and is spotlit by night. The exhibition, although focusing attention on Rhodes and his lieutenants, Alfred Beit and Starr Jameson, and the land they developed, is in no sense national in appeal, providing a multi-coloured panorama of Africa from the Cape to beyond the Congo.

THIS WAS THE CABIN IN THE FORE-SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE DISPATCH VESSEL H.M.S. "SURPRISE" FROM WHICH THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY VIEWED THE SHIPS AS THEY PASSED DOWN THE LINES: The Queen and Princess Margaret are seen in the centre, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and the Princess Royal, both using binoculars, standing in front of them. Countess Mountbatten of Burma, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra of Kent and Prince Michael of Kent are seen standing in the rear.

THE QUEEN REVIEWS HER SHIPS

Within the Protective Wall Created by the Isle of Wight the Fleet Assembled for One of the Greatest Peace-time Naval Occasions of All Time

By UFFA FOX

THE diamond-shaped Isle of Wight, 28 miles by 16 miles, at one time was part of England, but rivers and the sea in past ages cut between it and England, so now it is (in effect) part of England pushed south some four miles, forming such a perfect breakwater that Portsmouth and Southampton developed into the first naval and merchant ports of the world. It also gives a sheltered anchorage for large vessels 27 miles long and approximately 4 miles in width.

It is here that naval fleets have assembled in all ages, and it was here the main force assembled to make landings on the French coast on D-Day. The gathering of the ships for this Review is reminiscent of the gathering of all the vessels that took part in the D-Day landings—their way across was from St. Catherine's Point (the south part of the Isle of Wight) straight across to the deep bay between Cherbourg and Havre.

Osborne House, Queen Victoria's home, situated on the north side of the Isle of Wight, is a wonderful vantage point from which to see the Review Fleet—a Fleet comprising ships from the Seven Seas. Not only are there most of the British, but also a great many from other nations: Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Dominican Republic, France, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Thailand, Turkey, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, United States of America, etc.

The British Naval Fleet consists of: battleships, aircraft-carriers, cruisers, fast minelayers, ships of the Daring class, destroyers, frigates, submarines, submarine depot ships, danlayer, amphibious warfare vessels, target ships, ocean minesweepers, trawlers, fast patrol boats, surveying vessels, cable ships, etc., and are a symbol of Britain's power and ability to endure—as all the tyrants who have tried to force different nations under their power have always come to grief when they came against our Navy.

When the sun set on our sailing Navy it was undefeated, and the sun is now beginning to set on steam, and still our Navy is undefeated. We all have a fervent hope that, whatever the means of propulsion, the British Navy will always remain undefeated—as our steadfast and constant Navy brings comfort and quiet hope to a peace-loving world.

Side by side with the British Navy are ships representing our Merchant Navy, whose unassuming heroism has kept our supply lines open for hundreds of years.

People working and living on shore are always in the eye of the public, and often we are told of the dangers of different trades on shore; but, of all the trades in the world, the most hazardous and uncomfortable is that of a seaman. Of these, those who go in submarines have the hardest lot of all, for submarines look cold and cheerless, so that those who man them must have a great deal of courage, fortitude and cheerfulness in themselves to overcome their lot. That courage and cheerfulness could not indeed have been better demonstrated than in the Atlantic underwater cruise of the *Andrew* which culminated this week.

So here, covering an approximate area 10 miles by 4 miles, are every type of warship that floats, from battleships down to whalers and smaller. All of them a grey, which blends in so well with the sea as the south-west clouds of Review Day roll over. Even when the clouds give way to brilliant June sunshine, the ships still blend in with the sea and sky—the result of a great many years of trying different greys for a battle fleet.

HER OVERCOAT BILLOWING IN THE SOLENT BREEZE: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seen aboard H.M.S. *Surprise* last Monday afternoon.

All around on either side are yachts of all sizes and types and all these depicting the hardihood of the British race. For here we are situated in a high latitude (that of Newfoundland), and one of the greatest delights of Britain is to go out in small vessels and endure the discomfort and hazards of the sea. All the while we have such men as laying afloat, to see the Review this day, Britain need have no qualms—these men and women will take all the pleasures of peace and the shocks of war in their stride, for nothing can daunt such people.

The wind, weather and tide is of the utmost importance to seamen, and the day before the Review there was a strong south-west wind. This eased away through the night, and Coronation Review Day came in with heavy, dark clouds and a brisk south-westerly wind, but through the forenoon this veered to west-north-west and the clouds gave way to brilliant bursts of sunshine—so all the assembled vessels waited in perfect weather conditions. The Review Day was chosen on the spring tides so that as Her Majesty the Queen's ship, H.M.S. *Surprise*, steamed through the lines, all the vessels were swung to a strong ebb tide.

In spite of the wind being in the south-west (the rainy quarter) it kept fine throughout the Review; for although there were heavy clouds from the mainland, the conditions were excellent over the Isle of Wight and Spithead. Her Majesty, indeed, saw her ships under perfect conditions.

At 6.30 p.m. Her Majesty held a sherry party on board H.M.S. *Surprise*, the guests consisting of the captains of all foreign ships attending the Review. As well as English and American, every foreign language was heard at times on board. After this, Her Majesty, with the Duke of Edinburgh, dined on board H.M.S. *Vanguard*. Then, at 10.30 p.m., the entire Fleet was illuminated as if a master hand had switched on thousands of electric-light bulbs to outline every ship with one switch.

Ten minutes later, the firework display began, and it was most impressive to see the nine-mile length of salvos of fireworks shooting their way into the sky simultaneously. At midnight the day ended, and the illuminations were switched off, again as if by one master hand. Her Majesty returned to her ship and spent the night on the sea amongst her Fleet.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ARMADA

HER MAJESTY REVIEWS THE FLEET IN H.M.S. "SURPRISE"

A YACHT PASSES IN FRONT OF THE ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP "AMERIGO VESPUCCI": Despite choppy water in the Solent on the morning of the Review, yachts cruised near the lines, although later having to keep clear of the course of the Royal yacht.

SAILORS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY MAN THE DECK OF THE HEAVY CRUISER "BALTIMORE": They were waiting to cheer the Queen as she passed down the lines in H.M.S. *Surprise*.

ROYAL MARINES LINE THE DECKS OF THE AIR-CRAFT-CARRIER "IMPLACABLE" AS THE "SURPRISE," WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOARD, SAILS PAST: Portsmouth had given the Queen a great send-off which had echoed and re-echoed across the waters until the *Surprise* was out of earshot. As the Queen went out to the Fleet the clouds suddenly parted and the sun shone down on the Solent's sparkling, white-flecked waters. And so, in brilliant weather and a south-westerly wind, the *Surprise* steamed past the lines of anchored ships for more than an hour-and-a-half, eventually anchoring off the port quarter of the *Vanguard*, flagship of the Fleet.

On right—

NAVAL PLANES IN THE FLY-PAST: For most of their course the three hundred planes taking part in the fly-past flew through brilliant sunshine, with visibility extending for many miles, but, unfortunately, at the critical moment the formation ran into thick black cloud, from which they emerged only a short distance west of the Fleet. The aircraft taking part in the fly-past were of twelve types, flying line astern, most of them in formations of sixteen, with a distance of 1,000 yards separating the formations. There were seventeen squadrons of Fireflies, including one Australian and three R.N.V.R. units. There were also R.N.V.R. squadrons of Seafires and Sea Furies, and Canadian squadrons of Sea Furies and Avengers. The piston-engined aircraft flew from Lee-on-the-Solent and the jets from Ford.

THE PROUD ARRAY OF WARSHIPS AND MERCANTILE VESSELS GATHERED AT SPITHEAD DURING THE COURSE OF LAST MONDAY'S CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: This picture was taken as the *Surprise*, preceded by the Trinity House vessel *Patricia* and followed by H.M.S. *Redpole*, the Admiralty yacht, and other vessels, steamed past the lines of anchored ships. *Below*—A general view of the great Armada, showing yachts in the foreground, merchant vessels in the middle distance and warships beyond.

The QUEEN WITH THE FLEET

HER MAJESTY ARRIVES AT PORTSMOUTH AND GOES ABOARD THE REVIEWING VESSEL

Below—

THE QUEEN'S REVIEWING STAND FORWARD OF THE BRIDGE IN THE DISPATCH VESSEL "SURPRISE": The Queen was piped aboard *Surprise* last Sunday evening at the conclusion of her drive through Portsmouth, and immediately she stepped aboard the Royal Standard was broken at the masthead and a Royal salute was fired by a naval saluting battery. On the morning of the Review the Queen received the Board of Admiralty in *Surprise*.

THE QUEEN DRIVES THROUGH FIVE MILES OF PORTSMOUTH STREETS: The Royal car approaching the dockyard area at the end of the journey and before the Queen went aboard the *Surprise* for the review of the Fleet. The Queen was forty-five minutes behind schedule in arriving at the dockyard, as her car had been held up by enthusiastic crowds in the course of the journey.

THE QUEEN GOES ABOARD H.M.S. "SURPRISE": *Left*—Her Majesty seen as she inspected the crew. *Right*—The Queen walking across the gangway to the ship, followed by Vice-Admiral Abell Smith, the Flag Officer, Royal Yachts. The Queen spent the night in H.M.S. *Surprise*, and after reviewing the Fleet went aboard the *Vanguard* in the evening, where she dined before the start of the illuminations. Her Majesty had a special coloured chart to guide her during the Review.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE NEW TYPES PRODUCED BY THE ROYAL NAVY IN MODERN TIMES: A vessel of the Daring class travelling at speed during rough weather in the Pentland Firth. The Daring-class ships, which are largely experimental, constitute an expansion and merging of the Weapon and Battle designs with increased armament, and are the largest destroyers ever built for the Navy. Indeed, they really fall into the light cruiser category. They have elaborate anti-aircraft and anti-submarine systems. The half-length raised forecastle is a recognition-point common to British destroyers. American destroyers are flush-decked.

THE NEW SHAPE OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY

To-day It is Compact, Efficient and Streamlined for Its Different Missions, and It is Capable of Very Swift Expansion Should the Necessity Arise

By GEOFFREY WILLANS

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., R.O.I., S.M.A.

ONE OF THE SMALLER COMBATANT TYPES OF THE ROYAL NAVY ENGAGED ON "NIGHT OPS.": The gas-turbine fast patrol boat *Bold Pioneer*. With her sister-ship, *Bold Pathfinder*, she is the only warship to have two funnels abreast; they are the world's first operational warships to be driven by gas turbines.

A Royal salute of twenty-one guns, fired by all the saluting ships of the great massed fleet, anchored in nine lines each seven miles long, greeted the start of the Coronation Naval Review on June 15, when the Queen and Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Spithead in the despatch vessel Surprise. *This was the big moment for which the Fleet had been waiting and preparing, the climax of months of planning and endeavour by the Senior Service. In the following article Geoffrey Willans, who has an intimate knowledge of the Navy's work, describes in detail the character of the Service to-day, and how it is now adapted to modern conditions. He shows it as a compact, efficient and streamlined organisation, ready for large-scale expansion should the need arise, and indeed gives a most heartening picture of the Queen's ships in this Year of Grace 1953. Claude Muncaster has drawn a series of pictures relating to current naval developments.*

AT the Coronation Review of 1937 the Royal Navy's main strength was represented by nine capital ships. The names are still familiar. H.M.S. *Nelson, Rodney, Resolution, Ramillies, Royal Sovereign, Revenge, Queen Elizabeth, Barham* and *Iron Duke*. Besides these were four aircraft-carriers—*Courageous, Furious, Glorious* and *Hermes*.

Many of these ships were to form the basis of the fleet which was mobilised two years later to meet the threat of Hitler—a conventional force of capital ships, cruisers and destroyers designed to engage in conventional surface warfare. The older carriers had been joined by the old *Ark Royal*, and carriers of the Illustrious class were building; but the carrier force was woefully deficient. Anti-aircraft armament was inadequate (as operations off Norway were soon to show) and, apart from the development of the Asdic, the ships to meet U-boat attack were few.

It is, indeed, in this preparedness and appreciation of the nature of possible attack that the Royal Navy of to-day shows the most striking advance. Numerically it is not a great deal larger than it was in 1939; but its ships are there to meet specific requirements which

(*Continued on following pages*)

A MODERN HUNTER-KILLER TEAM IN ACTION: An aircraft-carrier, a frigate, destroyers and Gannet aircraft combing the seas for submarines. Both in the British and United States Navies the development of hunter-killer teams has been proceeding steadily in recent years. The general search weapons are shipboard sonar and airborne radar. The kill is accomplished by planes and ships with bombs and depth-charges, and the whole technique demands co-ordination of the highest order.

THE NEW SHAPE OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY

(*Continued from previous page*)

have been foreseen. In the event of war, expansion would proceed along planned lines. There would, of course, be improvisation, but nothing to compare with the desperate purchase of fifty obsolete destroyers from the United States as convoy escorts as a counter to the U-boats.

Many factors have contributed to the better balance of the modern Navy—nearly all of which can be traced to the experience of the last war, with its emergence of the role of aircraft as a dominant factor and its intensive technical developments. Nevertheless, the primary task of the Navy remains the same as it has been in the last two wars—to ensure the security of sea communications, and to deny them to the enemy.

Lurid pictures have been painted of the character of a future naval war. The atomic bomb dropped, it is said, by jet bombers ranging the Atlantic would force a radical revision of the convoy system. Ships then sailing unescorted would be an easy prey to the new submarines, with their high endurance and underwater speed. In this it is argued that no carrier-borne fighter can be vastly superior to a fast jet-bomber. Extremists go as far as saying that with the development of power by nuclear fission in submarines a future war might be fought between monster submarines under the waters.

There is always some basis for such arguments. Naval experts, however, believe that unless there is some startling development now unforeseen, the basic character of naval warfare is likely to remain unchanged. They envisage the same large convoys under escort to our shores; hunter-killer groups co-operating with naval aircraft ranging in search of submarines; large surface ships countered from fleet carriers and cruisers, or by the battleships now in reserve. The threat from the atomic bomb would, in their opinion, be confined to ports with heavy concentrations of ships. It is upon this estimate that the new shape of the modern Navy has been decided.

The battleship has now yielded place to the aircraft-carrier in providing the main striking power of the Fleet. Of the battleships only *Vanguard* remains in commission; four others—*Anson, Duke of York, Howe* and *King George V*—are in reserve. On the other hand, the strength of the aircraft-carriers shows five fleet carriers—*Eagle, Implacable, Indefatigable, Indomitable* and *Illustrious*—in commission; the new *Ark Royal* is completing and *Victorious* is being modernised in Portsmouth Dockyard. There are four light fleet carriers in commission—*Glory, Ocean, Theseus* and *Triumph*; four more latest type light fleet carriers—*Albion, Bulwark, Centaur* and *Hermes*—are launched and being completed.

There is plenty of strength here and the new construction programme concentrates upon the light fleet carriers. There is little argument about the usefulness of these ships in providing air cover for convoys or for anti-submarine work in hunter-killer groups; they are an essential of modern sea warfare. The use of the large fleet carrier is more debatable; they would be capable of flying powerful strikes against large enemy surface units, and the Americans, basing the assumption on their experience in the Pacific, envisage them providing highly mobile air bases off the enemy coast where they could provide local air superiority. Or, again, they could be used as platforms for delivering atomic bombs. The Royal Navy are, on the whole, inclined to be sceptical about the large fleet carrier in confined waters. They agree, however, about their usefulness in support of amphibious operations.

After the aircraft-carriers, the eleven cruisers in commission would play a conventional support role, and they would be assisted by the Daring-class destroyers. This new class of destroyer, of which the remaining three ships of the eight laid down will be completed during this year, have the abilities of light cruisers. They are nearly 400 ft. long, with a main armament of six 4.5-in. guns: in addition, they are faster and far more manœuvrable than any of the larger cruisers.

After this point, the whole balance of the modern Navy changes. The two very large groups of ships which remain are specifically designed (or being reconverted) as counters to the two threats to our sea communications which are judged to be greatest—the mine and the submarine.

Unexpectedly, the mine is now judged to be a greater threat than the submarine—perhaps the most serious threat of all. This is because it is now possible to attack the most vulnerable points through mining. More important, considerable technical advances have been made in the mine itself (incidentally, first laid by the Russians in the Baltic in 1855). It can now be of contact, magnetic, acoustic or pressure type; or, possibly, a combination of one or more of these. The German magnetic mine of 1940 caused great havoc until the counter was evolved; now the mine is much more subtle, and the old-fashioned wire sweep method no longer provides a complete answer.

The safety of the ports is as vital as the safety of the sea lanes. The best answer to mining is the destruction of the aircraft which bring them, but since this is bound to be uncertain, there is now a great emphasis in naval construction on new and different types of small minesweepers.

There are sixty-one minesweepers at present in commission, and eighty-five in reserve, but some sixty-five minesweepers of new types are in various stages of construction and many more on order. Some idea of the importance attached to them is that this building programme is costing two-fifths of total expenditure on new naval construction this year.

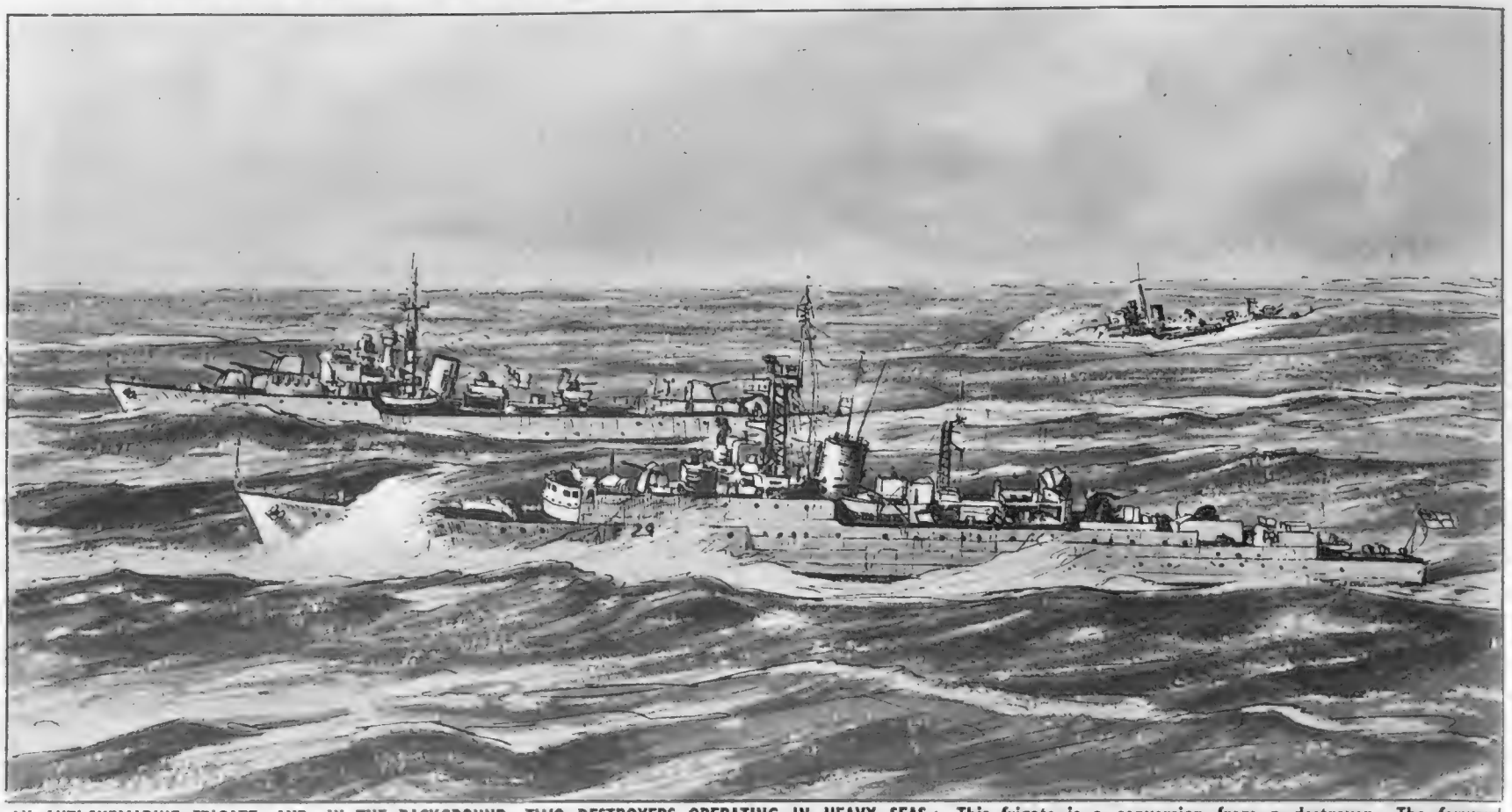
The new minesweepers have hulls which will be largely non-magnetic owing to the use of aluminium and wood. Vibration will be cut down by the new light-weight Diesel engines, and the latest minesweeping equipment, capable of operating against contact and influence type of mines, is being fitted. Complementary to these are the small inshore minesweepers which embody the experiences of the last war and are powered by the new lightweight Diesel, with its improved range, reliability and simplicity. In conjunction with the new Mine-watching Service, vital in charting where mines have been dropped, the menace of the mine can now be fought.

(*Concluded on page 558*)

Above—STEAM-CATAPULT TRIALS ON A ROYAL NAVAL CARRIER: The platform from which the aircraft is being launched was specially built for the trials in order not to interfere with the construction of the flight-deck. In practice the catapult would be inset into the flight-deck. The Royal Navy has pioneered this development exclusively. The steam catapult can even launch an aircraft when the carrier is stationary, and it has several other vital advantages.

Below—ONE OF THE "MOTHBALL" FLEET: A British warship of the reserve fleet, with one of its guns coated with sprayed plastic, which serves to cut down maintenance to a minimum. From month to month viewpoints on naval technique are changing, and new types are being rapidly evolved, particularly in the realm of minesweeping. Even so, the reserve vessels have a vast strategic importance, if little future tactical importance.

THE NEW SHAPE OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY



AN ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE, AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, TWO DESTROYERS OPERATING IN HEAVY SEAS: This frigate is a conversion from a destroyer. The forward superstructure of the destroyer now forms the bridge on the frigate, and it is possible to see on the side of the frigate, just forward of the mast, the point at which the break of the forecastle deck occurred on the original destroyer's hull. Of late a large number of war-built destroyers have been converted into frigates suitable for anti-submarine and anti-aircraft duties. These fall into two categories: those which are given a limited conversion and which, therefore, apart from armament, retain their destroyer-like appearance, and others which receive a full conversion and acquire in the process an entirely new appearance.

(*Concluded from page 556*)

It may seem curious that the submarine menace should now be regarded as having slightly diminished. We know how nearly the German U-boats brought us to our knees in two wars, and submarines have now greater endurance and underwater speed than ever before. Side by side with this development, however, anti-submarine measures have become far more effective.

The Asdic of World War II was a comparatively inefficient device coupled with the dropping of depth-charges from the stern. The First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking in Parliament on the Naval Estimates, gave broad details of the new anti-submarine weapon which is now fitted in ships of the Royal Navy.

"This anti-submarine equipment includes two three-barrelled anti-submarine mortars which are linked to an Asdic set with an improved electronic fire-control system. The mortars fire a pattern of large projectiles with a high degree of accuracy, and the projectiles can be set automatically to explode at any given depth."

In other words, the weapon has largely superseded the old fallibility of the human element: not only can it fire a wider range, but the "electronic brain" absorbs speedily changing targets instantaneously.

Here is a fundamental in the successful prosecution of attack on submarines, and in the new Navy a large emphasis has been placed on new fast ships to carry this weapon. Twenty-four new fast anti-submarine frigates are being built, and, in addition, there is an extensive conversion of fleet destroyers into fast frigates, of which *Relentless*, *Rocket*, *Venus*, *Verulam* and *Virago* are already in service.

Providing the financial means exist to carry on this programme, the submarine, always a highly vulnerable vessel, is likely to be less of a menace than it was in the past.

The Royal Navy, then, is designed to meet and overcome specific threats of varying dangers. Providing a steady replacement programme is carried out, it should be well fitted to do so. But there are other, vaguer but none the less real dangers which it must keep in mind. No one can be quite certain of the influence of guided missiles, which could replace the large naval gun; atomic ammunition would mean a great increase in deadliness; the atomic bomb in some form or another is a constant threat.

It is certain that tremendous developments will occur in all these fields. But, in the view of naval tacticians, they represent only new and more destructive examples of projectiles. The atomic bomb is only a larger bomb, the guided missile a bigger shell. The principles of naval warfare remain unaltered, and these have been radically affected in recent years by the introduction of "radar."

What, in fact, "radar" means in naval tactics is that ships cannot approach each other undetected under cover of darkness. The old protections of night, smoke and bad visibility have vanished. Sea warfare now means war in the daylight of "radar." And "radar" has made gunnery a matter of fine accuracy.

In this type of war the premium will be upon the ship which detects and fires first, and this must apply equally to a guided missile or a 6-in. shell. Success will depend upon efficiency, and this is to-day, as it always has been, a compound of human element and mechanical device.

It is encouraging to see the steps which the Royal Navy in recent years have taken to ensure this efficiency. On the human side we take it for granted; mechanically there has been genuine progress. The lightweight Diesels of the minesweepers are matched by a striking advance in the development of gas-turbine engines. They have already been fitted with success in motor torpedo-boats such as M.T.B. 5559, the first naval gas-turbine vessel to go to sea; it is already planned to install this new type of propulsion in frigates, and, clearly, it is destined to be as revolutionary as the installation of the steam turbine or the change-over from fire-tube to water-tube boilers at the beginning of the century.

This does not mean hitherto-undreamed-of speeds: it does promise vastly improved acceleration and a great saving of space—both highly important in a warship.

Two developments in aircraft-carrier operation have also been exclusively pioneered by the Royal Navy since the war. The new steam catapult, invented by Commander C. C. Mitchell, O.B.E., R.N.V.R., capable of launching the most modern carrier-borne aircraft, was first fitted in the light fleet carrier *Perseus*. The catapult consists of a piston driven along a cylinder by high-pressure steam from the ship's boilers, with the hook of the aircraft attached to the piston. As a catapult it is far more efficient than the conventional types in use, which had reached the practical limit of development: it gets an aircraft quickly launched. This is a tremendous advance in carrier development.

The new angled flight-deck involves few mechanical problems. It is simply a rearranged layout of the flight-deck by which the landing path of aircraft is at an angle to the centre-line of the ship. Thus an aircraft landing on will not approach from directly astern to be held up by a barrier if it fails to engage the arrester wires: flying in at an angle, it can now fly straight off over the ship's side without the danger of crashing into parked aircraft.

The Navy can take proper pride in these recent developments. But basically the whole history and tradition of the Navy is a story of ingenuity and skill in search of greater efficiency. The light-shotted culverin was one of the technical factors which beat the Spaniards in 1588. Mitchell of the steam catapult is just such another as Rodney's Chief of Staff, Sir Charles Douglas, who made so many inventions to improve the naval gunnery of his time. The technical developments of the nineteenth century after Trafalgar are the work of numberless men whose names are little known outside works of reference.

The Royal Navy to-day is compact, efficient and streamlined for its different missions. It is capable of very quick expansion in time of war. Parts of the picture, however, are far from perfect. Naval dockyards, for instance, need urgent modernisation. Also there is a shortage of petty officers and senior ratings.

These matters are serious and are being taken in hand. As far as the Service is concerned, the Royal Navy still seeks the quality of perfection. The seas are broad and unpredictable: courage, skill and experience have always been a part of the naval tradition, and they are still so to-day. The story is told of the American sailor leaning over the rail and addressing a British rating. "How does it feel to be in the world's second largest Navy?" asked the American. "How does it feel to be in the world's second best?" replied the rating. That is the spirit of the Royal Navy to-day.

H.M.S. "CONISTON," A NEW TYPE OF COASTAL MINESWEEPER: The development of these craft is of special importance, as mines now assume a new menace in possible future warfare. The new Royal Naval minesweepers have hulls which are very largely non-magnetic.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSES THROUGH THE LINES

H.M.S. "Surprise," in which the Queen Reviewed the Fleet at Spithead, Seen Amid the Line of Destroyers

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

At 3 p.m. on Monday, June 15, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Portsmouth Dockyard in H.M.S. *Surprise*, the despatch vessel, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, the First Sea Lord, and the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, in attendance. After the saluting ships of the Review Fleet had fired a salute of twenty-one guns the *Surprise*, with the Queen and the Duke standing in a platform just forward of the bridge, began to pass through the lines of assembled warships. The ships were dressed overall with flags and "manned," that is to say the ship's companies were fallen in upon the upper decks facing outboard. When the *Surprise* passed each ship the ship's company gave three cheers. The passage of H.M.S. *Surprise* through the lines was timed to take about an hour-and-a-half.

GREAT SHIPS AT THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW

A Swedish Cruiser and a Royal Naval Carrier Near the Head of the Lines at Spithead

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

In this painting, made near the head of the Coronation Review lines at Spithead, Montague Dawson shows on the left the Swedish cruiser *Gota Lejon* and on the right the Royal Naval aircraft-carrier *Indomitable*. The *Gota Lejon*, a vessel of 8,000 tons, is a modern cruiser which was launched in November 1945 and completed in 1947 at the same time as her sister-ship the *Tre Kronor*. At Spithead the *Gota Lejon* wore the flag of Rear-Admiral Stig Ericson, of the Royal Swedish Navy. She is an unusual-looking vessel, with a mast-funnel-mast-funnel sequence which makes her easy to recognise, as also do her sharply raked funnels. She is exceptionally well-protected with side armour of 3-in. to 5-in. The 6-in. guns are high-angle anti-aircraft weapons and automatic. H.M.S. *Indomitable* is a fleet aircraft-carrier with a displacement of 23,500 tons, and was built under the 1937 estimates, being completed in 1941, in the most anxious days of the war at sea. In 1948-50 *Indomitable* underwent a complete refit and modernisation, being dismantled forward, and a new forward level flight-deck section built on to replace the former "curve" down. At the same time she was fitted out as a fleet flagship, with accommodation for commander-in-chief and staff. Broadly speaking, the world's aircraft-carriers may be divided into three categories—the fleet carriers; next, the medium-size vessels known in the Royal Navy as light fleet carriers and in the United States as aircraft-carriers, small and escort; and finally there is a group of ships used as ferry and maintenance carriers. All the aircraft-carriers in service are of either British or American design and construction. In British-built carriers the hull plating at bow and stern continues upwards to join with the extremities of the flight-deck, which has considerable overhang. In contrast, the American carriers have the flight-deck cut off short at bow and stern, the hull plating finishing at forecastle and poop-deck level.

THE MIGHT OF BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

The Battleship "Vanguard" and the Cruiser "Sverdlov"

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

In this drawing Montague Dawson shows the flagship of the Review Fleet, the battleship H.M.S. *Vanguard*, in which Admiral Sir George Creasy flew his flag, and on the left the Russian cruiser *Sverdlov*, a new type which has aroused the greatest interest at Spithead. The *Vanguard*, the largest warship ever built in Britain, with a displacement of 42,500 tons, was ordered in 1941 and completed in 1946. In 1947 the battleship sailed to South Africa with King George VI and members of his family, among them the future Queen Elizabeth II. The *Sverdlov*, of 12,800 tons, is the nameship of what is apparently to be a new and important class of long-range Russian cruisers. Hitherto Soviet cruiser design has been based on the Italian conception of a fast, low, endurance, hard-hitting ship, mounting 7·1-in. guns, of which the Kirov class are the outstanding examples. Now endurance and sea-going qualities dominate the cruiser programme. *Sverdlov* took up position in the lines at Spithead without the aid of a pilot, a superb piece of seamanship on the part of her skipper, Captain Olimpey Rudakov.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE GREAT FLEET GATHERED AT SPITHEAD FOR THE CORONATION REVIEW: On the extreme left and also towards the right, lines of submarines lie at anchor on either side of destroyers of the Royal Navy. The Queen arrived at Portsmouth on Sunday night and embarked in the Royal yacht *Surprise* for her review of the assembled warships on the following day. Reviews of the Fleet at Spithead have taken place since the days of Henry VIII, although Coronation Reviews date only from 1902.

PRELUDE to the REVIEW

Scenes from Portsmouth and Spithead as Ships and Visitors Gathered for the Coronation Review

CAPTAIN O. I. RUDAKOV, OF THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "SVERDLOV," AT THE CORONATION REVIEW BALL: Seated beside the Captain is Mrs. Robson, wife of Rear-Admiral W. G. A. Robson, Flag Officer (Flotillas) Home Fleet.

FIGHTING SHIPS OF THE WORLD LYING AT ANCHOR AT SPITHEAD: In the foreground is the battleship H.M.S. *Vanguard* and immediately ahead of her the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*. Yachts and other tiny craft loaded with sightseers are dotted up and down the avenues between the big ships.

THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR LEAVING PORTSMOUTH BY LAUNCH TO VISIT THE "SVERDLOV": Mr. Malik, accompanied by his wife, is seen seated in the back of the launch. Mr. F. Miles, Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, also visited the ship.

VISITORS TO PORTSMOUTH CROWDING ON BOARD SOME OF THE LITTLE STEAMERS WHICH TOOK THEM ON A TRIP AROUND THE ASSEMBLED WARSHIPS AT SPITHEAD: Many thousands of sightseers poured into the city last week-end, and boats were quickly filled by those who wished for a closer look at the Review vessels.

The NAVY'S AIRCRAFT on REVIEW

Their Vital Place in the Tactics and Strategy of the Royal Navy

By B. J. HURREN

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY CAVENDISH MORTON

On left—

TESTING VERTICAL TAKE-OFF ON CARRIERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY: The Fairey Aviation Company has been developing this project for several years. The technique has obvious application to both naval- and land-based aircraft, allowing considerable reduction in the time taken by a fighter plane to reach its operational height. It also obviates the necessity for lengthy take-off runways. This is solely an artist's conception of vertical take-off in practice, as nothing has yet been tried out at sea, but important experiments have been carried out on the Woomera Rocket Range in Australia.

HIGH on Portsdown Hill—high enough to overlook not only the 206 ships of the Royal Navy and Commonwealth, let alone those of our distinguished foreign visitors, and even to look down on the leading aircraft which took part in the fly-past—stands an almost forgotten memorial to the greatest warrior of any Navy the world has known, Admiral Lord Nelson. The monument, which really requires Osbert Lancaster to describe its hideous style, was subscribed to by officers and men who had served under the great Admiral.

Standing on Portsdown, one sensed the presence of the great Admiral guiding thoughts on the tremendous panorama which unfolded far away and below in a picture setting of grey sea and green downland, with Portsmouth Town and Dockyard in the foreground, the tongues of Spithead and the Solent licking the Harbour entrance, and in the distance the stark standards of the radar sentinels on the Isle of Wight.

Much water has gone under the bridges since Nelson saw such a vista from Portsdown; but the point really is that many more aircraft have flown over them. It is a relevant point: for although the balloon made its debut in 1783, and by Trafalgar had made vast strides of technical advance—the Channel was flown by Blanchard and Jeffries on January 7, 1785—there does not appear any reference in Nelson's life nor in that of any of his Band of Brothers that the control of the sea was passing to other hands than those which manned the sailing ships.

The switch in naval tactics and strategy can be seen sharply in perspective by a comparison with the 1937 Coronation Review. Then eleven battleships took pride of place in their 16-in. and 15-in. gun glory: this year H.M.S. *Vanguard* headed Line F as the sole battleship, lone symbol of a past era when on the slightest suggestion of trouble in the Empire a British warship appeared, and somehow the trouble subsided.

So, whilst every knowledgeable person concedes that the aircraft-carrier is what the Americans admit as "the backbone of the Fleet," *Vanguard* headed the chief line, and riding at anchor astern were post-war-built *Eagle* and the wartime fleet carriers *Illustrious, Implacable, Indefatigable, Indomitable.* A light fleet carrier that has a brilliant record in Korea, *Theseus,* was in company with H.M. Australian ship *Sydney* and H.M. Canadian ship *Magnificent,* whilst in a class of its own, but still an aircraft-carrier, was *Perseus,* which is officially listed as "Training and Experimental, Special Complement."

Thus we had eight Empire carriers, plus *Perseus,* against the five of the 1937 Review. Let us examine that statement. In 1937 there were only five British carriers in existence, and a seaplane-carrier named *Pegasus.* Three of those present—*Furious, Courageous, Glorious*—had started life as heavy cruisers and been converted to naval aviation, whilst the then *Eagle* had begun as a battleship and the then *Hermes* was a lightweight of shallow draught suitable for certain Far East waters. *Ark Royal* was still being built. We went to war with only six carriers, of which *Ark Royal* was the only modern one.

Thus, nearly all the aircraft-carrier eggs were in the one basket at Spithead in 1937. This year we had eight carriers present, less than half the number described by the First Lord in the recent Statement Explanatory to the Navy Estimates 1953-54. In all, and excluding *Perseus,* the First Lord referred to nineteen carriers. Of these five are of the "Active Fleet," namely, *Eagle, Indomitable, Theseus, Glory, Ocean.* There are four carriers on training and experimental flying: *Indefatigable, Implacable, Illustrious, Triumph.* In the yards, *Victorious* and *Warrior* are "modernising." In course of construction are the new and already launched *Ark Royal, Hermes* (launched in February 1953, by the Queen), and three others of the same class, *Centaur, Albion, Bulwark.* To complete the tally, *Majestic* is under construction and marked for transfer to the Royal Australian Navy, whilst work is suspended for the time being on *Leviathan* and *Hercules,* all these being of the Hermes class.

Let us briefly examine the aircraft participation. Nearly 300 aircraft formed up for the fly-past. This total was approximately double the entire strength of the Fleet Air Arm on the outbreak of war, September 1939. It did not represent the entire naval air strength by any means: do not forget that as the lists were being prepared for the pageant at Spithead brave air crews were fighting the endless war at sea in Korean waters, whilst in the Mediterranean the British naval air arm was at exercise with the air components of N.A.T.O. navies.

More significant than the mere numbers was the composition of the fly-past. In the first place, no fewer than seven squadrons—for this Review, squadrons comprised eight aircraft each—were provided by the R.N.V.R. out of thirty-seven squadrons present. There were two Canadian squadrons, one Australian and one helicopter—the Canadian anti-submarine squadrons Nos. 871 and 881, the latter being one of the three squadrons equipped with American aircraft. Only six squadrons had jet-engined aircraft, three with Vickers

DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF THE ANGLED DECK FOR AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: The angled deck has been devised by Captain D. R. F. Cambell, R.N., and Mr. L. Boddington, of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, to increase the effectiveness of the deck area in carriers and to prevent over-shooting aircraft from ramming those parked up forward. The effect of the new marking of the deck is to increase its take-off length by 40 per cent. The system makes it possible for a carrier to accept many more aircraft and also aircraft of higher performance.

A SUBMARINE CRASH DIVES AS A FAIREY GANNET PASSES OVERHEAD : The Gannet is a three-seater anti-submarine aircraft powered with an Armstrong-Siddeley Double Mamba engine. The pilot in the Gannet is situated well forward, and has an outstandingly good view over the very short nose. Internal stowage is provided for the war load in the roomy fuselage, and there is a retractable radome in the rear fuselage. Provision is made for the carrying of sono buoys beneath the fuselage.

Attackers, one with Hawker Sea Hawks, one with de Havilland Vampires, and one with Gloster Meteors. A flight of three of the latest anti-submarine aircraft, the prop-jet Gannet, was included—the Gannet is now rolling off the production lines.

The major part consisted of seventeen Fairey Firefly squadrons, and seven Hawker Sea Fury squadrons. There was, in the van, a de Havilland Vampire of the Admiral's flight, of Rear-Admiral W. T. Couchman, D.S.O., O.B.E., Flag Officer Flying Training.

Analysing these figures we see that 224 of the total were British-built piston-engined aircraft and 24 were American piston-engined machines ; 52 were British jet-engined aircraft—there were no American jet aircraft. Of the grand total, 136 were Fairey Firefly general-purpose anti-submarine and reconnaissance aircraft, and 56 were Hawker Sea Fury single-seat fighters, both these types being currently in Korea, assisted by helicopters.

On the face of it, the uninformed would assume that the Navy has obsolescent aircraft because it has not more jet-engined aircraft. But this is not so : in very many cases the piston-engined aircraft is much superior to the jet, although that does not apply to the prop-jet, of which the only naval example is the Fairey Gannet.

British naval aviation owes an irreparable debt to Sir Francis McClean, that great amateur and pioneer airman and aeronaut who started the whole business of naval flying in the Royal Navy by placing four machines at the disposal of the Admiralty for the training of naval officers. That truly private venture start was rapidly taken advantage of, and by the time of the Review of 1914 a number of seaplanes actually formed a line at their moorings. For some reason now forgotten, these were not permitted to fly on the day ; what did happen to startle the professional naval officer and open the eyes of a discerning public was that one seaplane flew over the Fleet at night, indicating its presence not only by its navigation lights but also with a searchlight. It also gave a broad hint of the future by dropping a marker " bomb " close to the flagship.

The Royal Naval Air Service, deriving from the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, came into being on July 1, 1914, and its progress was such that by 1918, when it was dissolved on the formation of the Royal Air Force, it mustered all told 55,165 officers and men, of whom only 397 officers and 217 ratings were of permanent (as opposed to hostilities only) service. One of its distinguished company was the present Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, present Chief of the Air Staff of the R.A.F.

Hence, when the Fleet Air Arm came into being, following the political decisions of 1923, there was a naval flying course assembled at Netheravon on June 16, 1924, but no naval pilot of the new Fleet Air Arm flew in the 1924 Naval Review. There were thirty-five officers on that course ; the list includes the then Lieutenants E. M. C. Abel-Smith, now Flag Officer Royal Yachts, and E. W. Anstice, the present Fifth Sea Lord.

Whilst the C.-in-C. Home Fleet, Admiral Sir George Creasy, K.C.B., was the Senior Officer Afloat, and Admiral Sir John Edelsten, G.C.B., as C.-in-C. Portsmouth was jointly with him responsible overall for the Review, the fly-past was arranged by the Flag Officer Air (Home), Vice-Admiral J. A. S. Eccles, C.B. It may therefore be of interest to indicate briefly the general plan of the Air Arm's organisation under Admiral Eccles.

The Home Air Command has three Sub-Commands, the heads of which bear the titles Flag Officer Flying Training, Flag Officer Ground Training and Rear-Admiral Reserve Aircraft. The first covers all flying, the second all technical training, and the third the supply, equipment and repair of aircraft and the maintenance of reserves.

It is evident, from the mixed bag of aircraft analysed above, that the task of number three becomes exceedingly complex. He has to maintain reserves of aircraft and engines not only for peace but in readiness for war. He has to supply new squadrons, replace damaged aircraft, attend to the overhaul of all aircraft, arrange rearming with later types of aircraft, run mobile aircraft repair units, administer naval repair yards, watch for the requirements in every form of squadrons overseas, and, finally, maintain records of all aircraft and engines from first receipt to final disposal.

Technically, the British Fleet Air Arm has shown itself well in the lead of current development in which, in effect, the only competition is from the U.S. Navy. It has, for example, perfected the steam catapult method of launching, now adopted by the Americans, and the " angle-deck "—a brilliant piece of pioneer thinking by Captain D. R. F. Cambell, D.S.C., R.N., in association with Mr. L. Boddington of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. This system, which has the effect of lengthening the deck by 40 per cent., has also been adopted by the Americans.

All this ran like a silver thread through the mind as the Review was surveyed beneath the shadow of Nelson's memorial at Portsdown Hill. A whispering breeze provoked a thought as to whether the principles of the Navy have changed, although there is so obvious a change in the weapons and material.

As to this, one has only to meet any modern naval officer, any one of the modern intensely technical ratings, and, of course, the always glamorous but mighty efficient units of the W.R.N.S., to know that in each of their minds exists a conviction which dates from the times of Charles II and is most powerfully expressed in the opening to the Articles of War : " The Navy, whereon under the good Providence of God, the Wealth, Safety, and Strength of the Kingdom chiefly depends. . . ." What Nelson bequeathed as a legacy of the Napoleonic Wars, an *esprit* of a Fighting Service, exists brightly to-day as an immortal tradition five generations after his death.

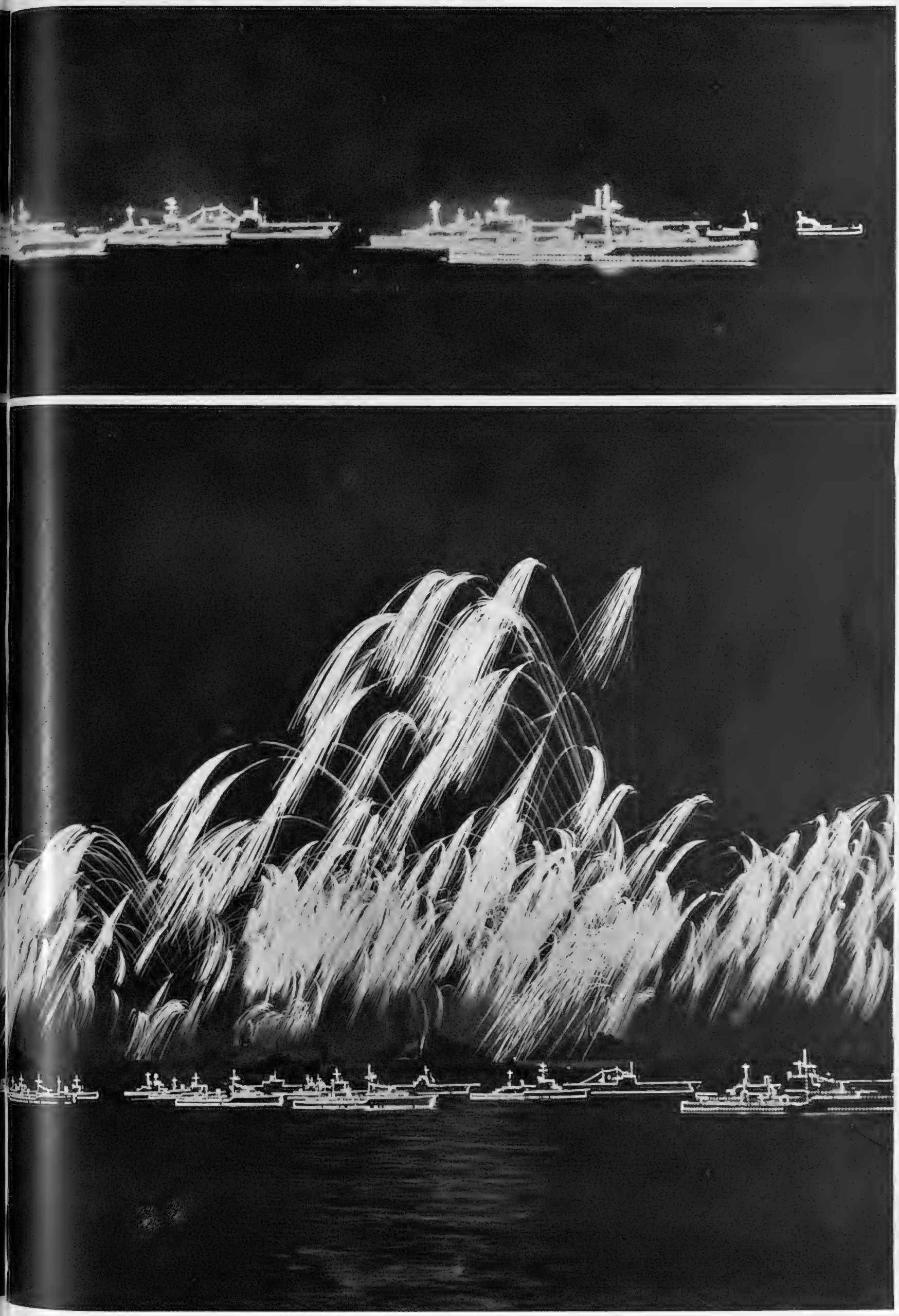
A SEA HAWK BEING LAUNCHED BY CATAPULT : This is in the distinguished line of fighter aircraft produced by Hawkers, who have played their part in two world wars. The Sea Hawk is a cantilever mid-wing monoplane. Its power plant is one Rolls-Royce Nene engine with the air intakes in the wing leading edge roots. Four 20-mm. cannon are mounted in the nose.

THE QUEEN PRESSED A GOLDEN MORSE-CODE KEY FIVE TIMES ON THE BATTLESHIP "VANGUARD" AT 10.30 P.M. ON THE NIGHT OF THE NAVAL REVIEW, AND THE WHOLE FLEET WAS ILLUMINATED: Radio flashed her message, and instantly 250,000 electric lights blazed along the twenty-eight miles of ships. The carriers, the cruisers, the frigates and the destroyers all stood with their outlines etched in light against the water, and then, as suddenly as they had come on, the lights went out, and at another signal from the Queen the fireworks began. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watched the illuminations and the fireworks from H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

THE CORONATION REVIEW ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS

The Fleet Etched in Light Against the Water, and Then a Glorious Pyrotechnical Display to Conclude the Great Programme

NIGHT IS TURNED INTO DAY ABOVE THE WATERS OF THE SOLENT: Crowds gathered along the shore to watch the firework display which followed the illumination of the Fleet. *On right*—While some of the ships remained illuminated, the vessels actually firing rockets were seen as dark silhouettes in the distance riding upon the waters, discharging every few seconds a spectacular series of rockets.



GRACE IS SAID AT THE LUNCHEON AT GUILDHALL, ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: On the Queen's right hand are seen Sir Rupert De la Bère, Lord Mayor of London, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal. On her left hand are the Duke of Edinburgh, the Lady Mayoress, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alexandra of Kent. This traditional luncheon, at which there were toasts but not speeches, gave an opportunity for the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and Commons of the City to express their congratulations to the Queen on her Coronation. The Queen drove in State to Guildhall past vast crowds of cheering citizens on this the last of the great State occasions pertaining to the Coronation fortnight in London. Behind the dais in Guildhall where the Queen sat was the new panelling in limed oak which now covers the bomb-scarred walls.

STATE VISITS TO GUILDHALL AND ROYAL WINDSOR

THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE CITY OF LONDON AND RETURNS BY ROYAL BARGE; THE ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR

THE QUEEN RETURNS FROM THE CITY OF LONDON BY ROYAL BARGE: *Left*—Her Majesty with the guard of honour of Queen's Watermen when she arrived at Tower Pier after the Guildhall luncheon, before embarking on the Royal barge, which took her to Westminster Pier. With Her Majesty is Lord Waverley, chairman of the Port of London Authority. *Right*—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at Westminster Pier at the end of their journey in the P.L.A. launch *Nore*.

THE QUEEN RECEIVES THE CITY SWORD AT TEMPLE BAR, THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITY OF LONDON, AT THE WESTERN END OF FLEET STREET: After the Queen had asked permission to enter the City, the Lord Mayor proffered her the sword, point downwards. The Queen touched the sword and returned it.

WINDSOR GREETS THE QUEEN: This was the scene in the Royal Borough beneath the Castle heights as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in their open carriage and alighted near the statue of Queen Victoria, where they were received by the High Steward (the Duke of Gloucester), the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire, and the Mayor of Windsor, whom the Queen knighted at a ceremony later in the day. The procession continued along High Street and Park Street to the Long Walk, and so entered the Castle grounds, where thousands of children from schools in the district and from youth organisations were assembled to meet the Queen.

WHAT ABOUT THE GLORIOUS SIXTEENTH?

The Start of the Coarse-Fishing Season is Usually Unheralded and Unsung, Although June 16 is a Day of the Greatest Significance for the Anglers of Britain

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE opening day of all but one of our major national games and sports is well known. Everybody, for example, knows that The Flat opens at Lincoln in March. Even those who have never been to a race-meeting and have no interest whatever in racing know it, for the newspapers take care that they should. Everybody, but especially postmen (the pools have seen to that), knows the opening of the football season. I imagine that everybody, even those who have never held a gun and have no wish to do so, knows that "The Twelfth" means August 12 and the opening of the grouse-shooting season. For again, the Press takes care that they should. There are always photographers of shooting parties (usually rather too well-dressed to look quite natural) toiling, yet managing to wear photogenic smiles, up some hillside through thick heather.

It is the more curious, therefore, that the most popular of all our sports should come in unheralded. Many more people in Britain—many, many more—fish than shoot. But the opening of the coarse-fishing season always passes unnoticed, and none but fishermen know when the season opens. It opens on June 16 with very few exceptions, and some millions of Britons are ardent fishermen.

There is, I understand, one exception to this. In Scotland there is, I believe, one river where some fuss is made of the opening of the salmon season. The anglers march to the bank behind a piper playing martial airs, and the rear of the procession is brought up by wives and minions carrying a few sandwiches and plentiful supplies of the national spirit, so that there may be no risk of undue disappointment. Elsewhere the season, whether it be coarse or game, opens quietly, unsung, opens individually, in fact, and this is as it should be, for anglers, despite a tendency to attribute to those fish they have not succeeded in catching great size and supernatural cunning, are modest, retiring folk.

Yet, though few other than fishermen could name the opening day of the season, almost everybody seems to have heard of the "Duffer's Fortnight"—those few happy days during which, it is said, even the veriest novice may catch trout with the aid of the mayfly. The "Duffer's Fortnight" is just over on the south-country chalk-stream I know best. And, as always, it has given me furiously to think.

But first about the mayfly. This insect is so well known (by name) that it has come to be taken for granted. For many non-fishermen it is synonymous with fly-fishing. The mayfly is the only one of the fisherman's flies to get any publicity, as it were, so if you are a fly-fisherman you are a man who fishes with a mayfly on a hook instead of a worm or a paste-pellet. So well known is it that many people, including a surprising number of anglers, believe that there is just one mayfly.

The mayfly belongs to the family *Ephemeridæ*. Of this family there are forty-six members on British waters. They are characterised by two pairs of wings (in rare cases only one pair), six legs and two or three setæ or tails. Of the mayflies proper, that is the *Ephemera*, there are three—*Ephemera vulgata*, *E. danica* and *E. lineata*, the first two being common, the last rare—and these three all have three setæ. So has another member of the family, though of a different group within it, the Blue-winged Olive (*Ephemerells ignita*). The rest have two setæ.

All the members of the family, no matter to what group they may belong, have similar life-histories. The eggs are laid (either in bulk or individually) on or over fresh water. The eggs vary a great deal in form, and usually there are vast numbers of them—over 4,000 have been counted from one female. Some of the eggs have little filaments hanging from them, and by means of these the eggs are attached to weeds or stones; in others the eggs just sink to the bottom. Here, after a few days or weeks, they burst and the larva or nymph emerges.

Just after hatching, nymphs have no visible breathing apparatus and get their oxygen from the water through the outer skin. In a few weeks, however, they grow a number (usually seven) of external gills shaped rather like leaves along their backs. Once they have got their proper breathing apparatus nymphs become pretty active. They have very well-developed mouths and they spend their time on the bottom eating and growing.

During this period on the bottom—a year in most species, but two or even three years in the case of the *Ephemera*—there are several moults as the creature grows, and during the last few of these the wings are formed in cases. When the nymph is internally ready it swims to the surface and splits the skin down its back. Through the split appears the winged fly in its sub-imago (or dun, as the angler terms it) stage.

The dun stands for a moment or two on the empty nymphal skin, and then flies away. It is still rather weak and has to take frequent rests upon the surface, and these rests are fraught with danger. It is often said that the duns are feeding when they rest upon the surface, but actually the dun has neither mouth-parts nor digestive organs and from the day it leaves the nymphal case until the day it dies it knows neither hunger nor thirst.

During the course of the day, or perhaps the next day, the dun undergoes another change. It settles on a leaf or a blade of grass, splits the skin down its back, and frees its perfect self in the imago (or, as the anglers have it, spinner) stage. The cast-off hollow skin of the dun is complete in every part, even to the skin of the wings and the setæ. You may often find these discarded skins on the river bank.

The spinner has but a little time to live, and before it dies it has to ensure the survival of the species. There is no time to lose, and the wedding dance begins at once. The eyes of the male are so placed that he can only look upwards, so the male flies vertically a foot or so into the air, and then, if unsuccessful, descends vertically with outstretched wings and tails, only to rise again immediately. And he goes on doing this until he finds a female. Then he flies beneath her, seizes her with his long forelegs, and then grasps her with a pair of claspers situated at his tail end. Thus coupled, mating is completed. His duty done, the male falls exhausted and dies. The female, loaded with fertilised eggs, flies *upstream*, dipping to the surface every now and again to lay her eggs on the water. When the last of her eggs has been laid, the female also drops exhausted to the water and her death.

Flying upstream is most interesting. But for this compelling instinct the *Ephemeridæ* would long since have become extinct. Throughout their life-history all the members of the family are carried *downstream*. The egg, when laid, is swept downstream; the nymph, as it comes to the surface, is carried downstream: the dun, as it rests upon the nymphal skin, is borne downstream. But for this instinct of the fertilised female to fly upstream the family would long ago have met extinction in salt water.

The angler knows the spent and exhausted female as a "spent gnat." Fishermen, except perhaps in the matter of measurement, are as a body the most accurate of men. It is, therefore, all the more extraordinary that their special terms for the various stages of the adult mayfly's life should be so inaccurate. The dun is the "green drake"; the female spinner the "grey drake." The male imago is sometimes known as the "black drake," though it is not black. And to call the female imago of the mayfly, when spent, the "spent gnat" is wildly inaccurate, even more wildly inaccurate than the fisherman's "black gnat," which is neither black nor a gnat, but which is at least small, which the mayfly is not.

By size shall you know them, or so say the books. But size is very deceptive, and though it is true that the mayfly proper are bigger than the other members of the family (though the Blue-winged Olive is also a big fly), there is not all that difference between the different mayflies, between *E. vulgata* and *E. danica*, and all of them vary just a little from river to river. You can tell the difference between them by the markings on the abdomen. I do not know that many anglers bother, and I do not know that it matters, anyway. Both are mayflies. But all mayflies are not, in fact, mayflies. In the south, when an angler talks about mayfly, though he may not have the least idea which fly it is, you do know that he means a green drake or a grey drake or a spent gnat. The true mayflies do occur in some places in the North of England as well, but when a north-countryman talks about the mayfly being up it is odds-on that he does not mean the mayfly at all, but the stonefly, which has only two things in common with the mayfly—size and interest for trout. And I am very doubtful about one of those—the interest for trout.

The doubt rests with the mayfly. There can be no doubt about the stonefly's attraction for trout: they have much the same power over trout as the January Sales have over women. But I am not at all sure about the mayfly's attraction, and at the end of each "Duffer's Fortnight," speaking as a duffer, I am even less sure.

The mayfly come at different times on different rivers. The "Duffers' Fortnight" is earlier on my river than on the Kennet, for example. When they come, they are supposed to provide a harvest of trout for the fisherman. I must be the foremost duffer in the world, for I have never found this to be so. I have always found that trout are nervous of the mayfly when it first appears, and that they do not lose this nervousness unless it becomes really plentiful. This being so, the mayfly, despite its reputation, is not a very successful lure except, perhaps, on those waters where there is a really heavy hatch—on the Kennet, for instance, or on the Test, though I do not think that the hatch on the Test has in recent years been as heavy as formerly. I have no experience of the Kennet and very little of the Test. Neither is what you could call a duffer's river. Duffer's rivers do not, in my experience, normally have heavy hatches of mayfly, and the duffers, misled by the fly's reputation as a sort of bounty-giver to lesser-men, waste a great deal of time and energy. The one great merit of the mayfly is that it brings to the surface the biggest trout. The biggest trout are not for duffers.

At the end of each "Duffer's Fortnight," a little disheartened, I am forced to think about fly-fishing. Dry-fly fishing was invented to make easier the catching of trout. But since its introduction it has become something of a cult, something of a religion with its own castes and high priests. There has been a good deal of skilful, though perhaps unconscious, propaganda too, so that there is now a general belief that the trout is the most cunning of fishes, with the result that there rests about the head of the chalk-stream angler a halo of great skill and supernatural wisdom: great skill in casting and striking, supernatural wisdom in his choice of the right fly at the right moment. In fact, fly-fishing for dace is much more difficult than fly-fishing for trout, and you need much more skill to handle a roach-pole than you do a fly-rod. Nor has the trout one-tenth the cunning of the carp. I do not believe that a trout has ever been lost but through the foolishness or clumsiness of the angler.

Really, it is a relief to know that June 16 is here. Chub like fruit, and it really does not matter what sort. And what could be more pleasant than sitting on a warm day contemplating a float without having to bother about the colour?

But there will be another "Duffer's Fortnight" next year. And I shall have forgotten all this by then. And I shall remember it all afterwards.

A FLY-FISHERMAN IN ACTION: A member of the Enton Fly-Fishers' Club fishing Enton Lake, near Witley, Surrey.

On right—

THE START OF COARSE FISHING: Mr. Arthur Ball, secretary of the Hatfield and District Anglers' Society, fishing amid the picturesque scenery of Hatfield Park in 1951, when Lord Salisbury gave the Society permission to fish to mark the start of the coarse-fishing season. This was only the third time in 350 years that the lake had been fished.

CORONATION ROBES ON SHOW IN LONDON

A Unique Opportunity for the Public to see the Royal and Peers' Robes at Close Quarters; the Splendour of Velvet and Ermine at St. James's Palace

THE PURPLE ROBE OF STATE WORN BY THE QUEEN AT HER CORONATION: This Robe of Purple Velvet, which the Queen wore for her return journey to Buckingham Palace, was made by the Royal School of Needlework; it is embroidered in gold thread and mounted with a 5-in. border of ermine and an ermine cape. The design of the embroidery consists of Corn and Olive Sprays, denoting Peace and Prosperity. On the right is the robe worn by the Duke of Edinburgh.

CORONATION ROBES ON SHOW AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: On the left centre is the robe worn at the Coronation by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and in the foreground is the robe of her younger daughter, Princess Margaret, both of whom watched the ceremony in Westminster Abbey from the Royal Gallery. These two robes and the dresses worn by the two Royal ladies, together with others and the tabards of the Heralds, are on show in the Entrée Room at St. James's Palace, while the Queen's robes and those worn by the Duke of Edinburgh are on view in the Throne Room. Other robes are displayed elsewhere in the Palace. The exhibition has been organised by the Royal School of Needlework, the members of which were responsible for the embroidery on many of the robes, and is open to the public until July 14. The picture at top left of this page shows the Queen's robe which she wore after the Coronation Service, while at the bottom right are the richly embroidered vestments used for the actual ceremony.

THE EXHIBITS IN QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM: On the right is the robe of the Duchess of Gloucester and in the centre are the jackets and kilts worn by Prince William and Prince Richard. Just behind the robe of the Duchess is that of the Lord Mayor of London.

TWO OF THE QUEEN'S VESTMENTS WHICH SHE WORE FOR THE ACTUAL CROWNING CEREMONY: On the left is the Supertunica (or Close Pall of Cloth of Gold), and on the right is the Imperial Mantle, also made of cloth of gold, with a design woven in coloured silks depicting the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock and Eagle. Above is the Canopy of Gold which was raised over the Queen during the sacred rite of the Anointing.

LONDON NEWS

EVENTS IN THE CAPITAL CITY DURING THE POST-CORONATION PERIOD

SOUTH AFRICAN FOLK-DANCING ON THE LAWNS OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, LONDON: These young men and girls, watched by an enchanted crowd of children and adults, were giving a display of traditional South African dances. The dancers—there were 100 of them—came from many parts of the Union of South Africa. This was one of several Commonwealth entertainments arranged by the Imperial Institute for the Coronation period. African drummers from the Gold Coast, singers from Trinidad and dancers from India were among the other attractions.

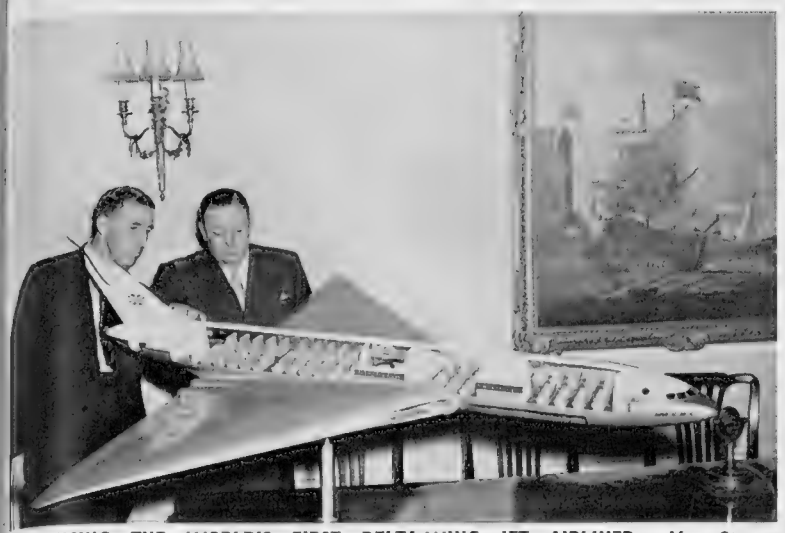
SIGNING THE ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN AGREEMENT ON SOCIAL SECURIT... Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister ... puts his signature to the doc... a smiling Sir Winston Church... The agreement, which was signe... at No. 10, Downing Street, provides that fo... residents of the United Kingdom of pensio... age, who have been in the National Insura... Scheme in Britain, are eligible to receive ... ralian Old Age Pensions without having t... omplete a twenty years' residence qualificati... Conversely Australians taking up residence ... he United Kingdom will be treated as if t... had been insured under the National Insu... Scheme. The agreement also safeguards th... ial service rights of people going from Austr... to Britain and from Britain to Australia ... emporarily.

CIPROCAL BENEFITS: Australia, ent while looks on.

THE SHEIKH OF KUWAIT, ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN, ADMIRES THE PEARL SWORD OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir Rupert De la Bère, the Lord Mayor of London (right), is seen showing the Sheikh the Pearl Sword during a reception at the Guildhall. With the Sheikh were Abdulla Mulla Selah, Secretary to the Kuwait Government (left), and Ezzat Gaafar, the Sheikh's Private Secretary. The sword has been used twice recently, on the occasion of the Queen's two visits to the City of London, first to St. Paul's to give thanks for the Coronation, and, secondly, to attend the Guildhall. The Sheikh of Kuwait is the chief beneficiary in the world's fastest-growing oilfield.

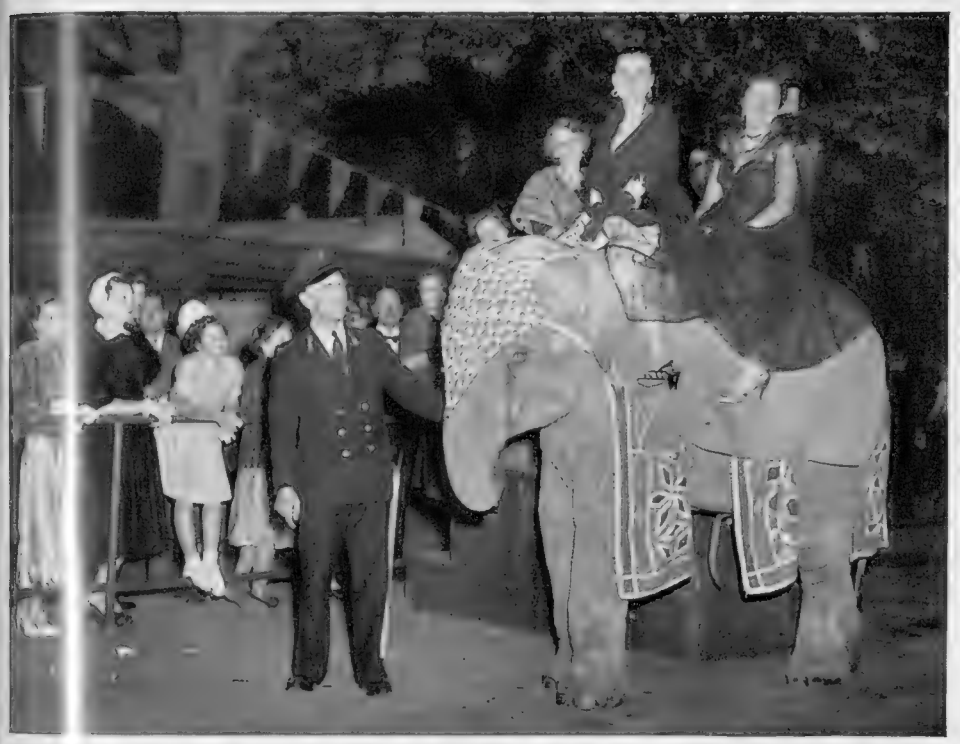
THE BAFFLE WALL FOR LONDON AIRPORT IS COMPLETED: This boomerang-shaped baffle wall has been built to lessen the noise made when jet air engines are tested, as this has become a nuisance to the many people who live in Cranford village, near by. The wall has been built in the south-east corner of the airfield, which has proved to be the area of worst disturbance. If it is found that the baffle wall does not deflect the noise sufficiently, 10 ft. will be added. At present the wall is 30 ft. high.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT RENAMES THE HOTEL AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND: The Duke, President of the M.C.C., unveiling the new inn sign which shows Thomas Lord on one side and a nineteenth-century cricketer on the other. The name, the Tavern, has for long been in use and has been adopted by that band of enthusiasts the Lord's Taverners, who make philanthropy their aim and achieve it in a variety of entertaining ways. The Duke of Edinburgh is twelfth man of the Taverners.



INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FIRST DELTA-WING JET AIRLINER: Mr. Stuart Davies, Chief Designer of A. V. Roe, and Sir Roy Dobson, head of the firm, with the model of the Avro Atlantic. This airliner, which has been developed from the firm's Vulcan delta bomber, now in super-priority production for the R.A.F., is designed to fly nonstop from London to New York in under seven hours, carrying between 76 and 131 passengers at more than 600 m.p.h. at an altitude of over 40,000 ft. For North Atlantic operations, direct operating costs for the Avro airliner are estimated at between 7d. and 10d. a ton-mile, depending on the allowances which must be made for wind, and 1d. a passenger-mile. A westbound journey from London to New York will take between six-and-a-half and seven hours, and an eastbound flight between five and five-and-a-half hours. In the basic version 94 passengers can be carried in three compartments (or 109 if there is no bar); in the luxury type 76 (or 88 if the bar is omitted); and in the tourist variant 113 (or 131 without a bar). The Atlantic will be larger than the Vulcan delta bomber, having a span of 121 ft., length of 145 ft., and gross take-off weight of about 200,000 lb. Payload will vary from 20,000 lb. to 45,000 lb.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION IN A FAMOUS SPORTING ART GALLERY: Fores Gallery, in Bond Street, held their first public exhibition for 170 years when they showed the paintings and drawings of Miss Juliet McLeod, a young artist whose work is already known to readers of *The Sphere* for her illustrations to a special feature on the Grand National published in our issue of March 29, 1952. Miss McLeod held her first exhibition in 1947. She has painted many pictures of Classic winners and includes H.H. Aly Khan among her patrons. A picture of the Queen at last year's Trooping the Colour may be seen left centre in the above photograph.



ONE OF THE YOUNG INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT REGENT'S PARK TAKING GUESTS FOR A RIDE DURING THE LONDON ZOO'S CORONATION YEAR PARTY: Fellows of the Society were celebrating not only the Coronation, but also the Zoo's 125th birthday. The gardens were floodlit for the occasion and there were many celebrities from all walks of life among the 5,000 guests. There was a chimpanzees' tea party, watched by a crowd which included Professor Julian Huxley and Peter Scott, while Viscount Alanbrooke, President of the Society, headed the queue for camel rides. Dancing went on until after midnight, though at times the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants almost drowned the music of the band.

QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA VISITS THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY: Mr. Ivor Crouch, Treasurer of the Society, presents a specially bound Coronation Bible to the Queen as a souvenir of her visit to the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street. The Queen spent more than an hour touring the rooms and library of the building and was shown an early Tonga New Testament and an old copy of the Tonga Bible. At the end of her visit Queen Salote said that her people like Bibles with "lots of pictures of the Bible stories." The British and Foreign Bible Society has been at work in the Tongas for over 100 years.

THE CORONATION EXHIBITION OF ART AND FLOWERS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: Dr. D. U. Stikker, the Netherlands Ambassador to London, Mrs. Stikker and Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Museum, seen standing amid some of the blooms which were sent by air from Holland as a Coronation gift to London and, by a happy idea, were assembled in the Museum's galleries. *On right*—A remarkable display of roses setting off one of the Jason tapestries in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THOSE WONDERFUL SHERPAS

A Visit to the Tough and Intelligent Nepalese People, Who Have Supplied Porters for Every Expedition to Mount Everest

By ELLA MAILLART

Ella Maillart, author and explorer, who knows the wilds of Southern Asia, the hinterland of Western China and the lands that lie beneath the great barrier of the Himalayas as well as any European, here describes the Sherpa people of the Himalayas, one of whom, Tensing Norkey, has lately leapt to world fame by his conquest of Mount Everest in company with Hillary, the New Zealand climber. The Sherpas, a hardy hill race of Tibetan stock, are intelligent and friendly, and, above all, these people, who live in villages on or above the 10,000-ft. mark, give the traveller the impression of abounding good health.

Whether in Nepal or in the Alps, poor villagers who live very high up in the mountain valleys seem to have solved their difficulties in more or less the same way. Such were my thoughts while climbing down into the Upper Malemchi Valley—five days north of Katmandu. I was leaving behind me the grandiose Saone Mani Ridge, as well as a pass leading to the Gosain Lake, goal of a famous Hindu pilgrimage which takes place in August.

I had noticed tiers of innumerable terraced fields, where potatoes, wheat and maize succeeded each other; in the neighbourhood cattle were still grazing among forested slopes, because the high pastures were not yet freed from the snow. And when I reached the highest village of the valley, I saw not only familiar roofs made of shingles and beautiful window-frames of carved wood, but also thick walls of dry stones, just like those found in parts of Switzerland. More than once I noticed bright geraniums on the balconies; and a shepherd churned sour milk in a nailless wooden pail to make a cheese called *siri*. Even the name, and the pail, would be at home in the Valais, where the same cheese is called *sere*, or *serac*.

A small and busy threshing-place had marked the entrance of Tarkhe Gyang, a village of approximately a hundred houses. Yes, it reminded me of Switzerland, except for the tall, narrow prayer flags in front of the houses and the smoke coming up through the shingles in the absence of chimneys.

The inhabitants were Sherpas belonging to that important Nepalese tribe famous for the sturdy porters lent to every Everest expedition. They speak a dialect related to Tibetan and their religion is similar to the Buddhism practised in Lhasa. I arrived with an interpreter—an officer lent to me by the army of the country—and I was to find the villagers quite charming (in spite of my inquisitive attitude), perhaps because I was the first European woman they had met.

While distributing a few medicines here and there, I had occasion to enter many of the houses, all built on the same pattern. There is room for a cow or two on the ground floor, while the living-room with a tiny storeroom is always on the first floor The main room delighted me with its brass plates, pitchers and copper-containers shining on shelves and in cupboards of carved wood. The cooking was done on a tripod placed over an open fire and, while attending to her stew, the lady of the house would take part in the general conversation, for sitting-room and kitchen are combined. The best corner near the window was occupied by sacred images—small Buddhas inside silver shrines on a sort of altar next to cups of lustral water, a prayer book and the steady flame of a tiny butter-lamp. Wooden shutters could close the windows at night, and if the wind was cold during the day, thick white paper played the part of window-panes.

If spinning and weaving is now rare in my Swiss valley, it is still quite common in Nepal. On the other hand, there is a similar enthusiasm for drinking parties in both countries! Even toddlers in Nepal are given a drop of the home-made *rakshi*—grain spirits—which is offered to every newcomer, as well as millet-beer, until a fresh brew of Tibetan tea has been churned.

One day I was able to watch the slow process of a banquet taking place on the esplanade before the Buddhist temple. It was offered to the villagers by the widow of a man called Passang, at the close of the funeral rites observed a year after his death. *Tsamba* was handed round—roasted barley-flour mixed by each guest with buttered tea; curried rice, spinach, buffalo stew, beer and *rakshi* were served out in turn.

Meanwhile in the room of the dead man prayers had been read aloud by the men of the family the whole day long, sometimes to the accompaniment of conches and of the huge temple-drum. Fragrant and auspicious juniper and many small butter-lamps were burning, while No Babu, the lama, who was the head of the village, presided over the gathering. On the knees of each man were the pages of hand-made books, on which gold printing showed effectively against a black background. The widow, seated on the floor like everybody else, kept on boiling tea for the men.

Religious festivals are frequent. No processions are organised, but wooden masks are worn by the men in the devils' dance, while sacred banners move in the wind and the incense burns slowly, with pale-blue smoke. The devils' dance is meant to propitiate threatening occult forces.

High above the village, and partly hidden by trees, were miniature houses . . . no, nothing like the small hay-hut of the Alps, since there are no meadows and there is no mowing in Nepal. They were the hermitages which are always found in the vicinity of a Buddhist village. There I saw a smiling lad bringing food to his invisible father, who was half-way through his vow to spend three years, three months and three days in total retirement.

The paths on these slopes are so steep that no mule or pony could take anyone down to the town in case of illness. On my way back to the ridge of Saone Mani I met the very corpulent wife of the Bodhnath Lama journeying on a man's back, supported by a narrow plank, the strap of which went over the forehead of the porter. That is the only means of transport for those who cannot use their own legs. These astonishing mountaineers, barefoot even in winter, who jump lightly from rock to rock and go from valley to valley, carry as much as 150 lb. with apparent ease.

To these few recollections about my Nepalese tour I want to add two more facts which have no equivalent in the Alps. In the square Tibetan temple, where three great Buddhas were on the main altar and where brightly-coloured frescoes depicted the pantheon of Tantric-Buddhism, there was a special room sheltering a huge prayer-wheel some 12 ft. high, decorated with letters in lacquer and gold. Ten million sacred formulas printed closely on thin paper are said to fill that vertical drum, which rings a bell hanging from the ceiling with every slow turn it makes.

The other event I observed for the first time was the ring dance, arranged to please me after I had agreed to offer ten rupees' worth of *rakshi* to the population of Tarkhe Gyang. This dance of the Sherpas always takes place during the night, since "the girls are too shy to do it in daylight. . . ." The rhythm of their slow, shuffling steps is marked by the verses they sing. Arm-in-arm the boys lead the ring movements, being followed by women and girls. Gaiety and teasing increase as time goes on. The spectators at the centre of the ring join in the chorus, which sounds like a wild call to the magician: "*Sseu, Sseu! Phombo Sseu . . .!*"

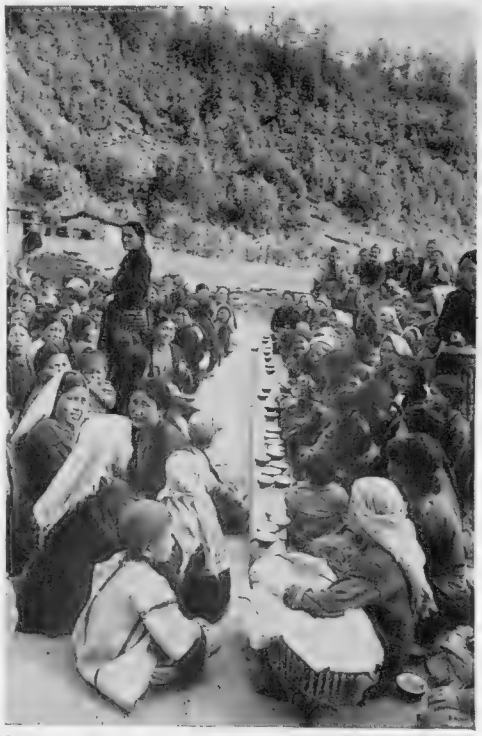
For me this powerful yell will remain like a symbol of those healthy and very remote inhabitants of the Himalayas.

TENSING NORKEY, WHO CONQUERED EVEREST IN COMPANY WITH HILLARY, THE NEW ZEALANDER: Tensing, a Sherpa, who hails from Darjeeling, climbed to less than 1,000 ft. from the summit of Everest with the Swiss Expedition last year and with the latest expedition he was the first of the two climbers to set foot on the summit. Tensing, who is to be honoured by the Queen and also by the Nepalese Government, is cheerful, resourceful and courageous, and modest to a degree. He has shown himself as willing to help in the menial tasks of camp life as to share the fiercest dangers of the approach to the summit.

SHERPA WOMEN CARRYING LOADS OF MORE THAN 80 LB. UP A STEEP INCLINE AMONG THE HILLS OF NEPAL: These women share duties like this with their menfolk, walking barefooted even in winter.

On right—

KATCHE LAMA WITH A SILVER PRAYER-WHEEL: Katche Lama lived in a cell at the village visited by the author.



A SHERPA FUNERAL BANQUET: It marked the end of funeral rites for a villager who died a year before, and was given by his widow.

VILLAGE WOMEN WEAVING CLOTH FOR THE COARSE JACKETS OF THEIR MENFOLK: The loom is stretched over the threshing ground near the houses, none of which, it will be noticed, are provided with chimneys.

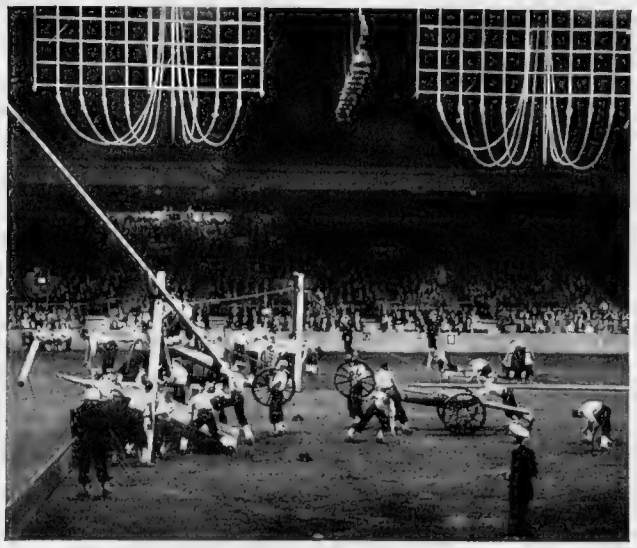
On left—

TWO YOUNG FRIENDS WHO MADE THE MOST OF THE FUNERAL BANQUET: The man on the left is wearing earrings and a typical home-spun jacket.

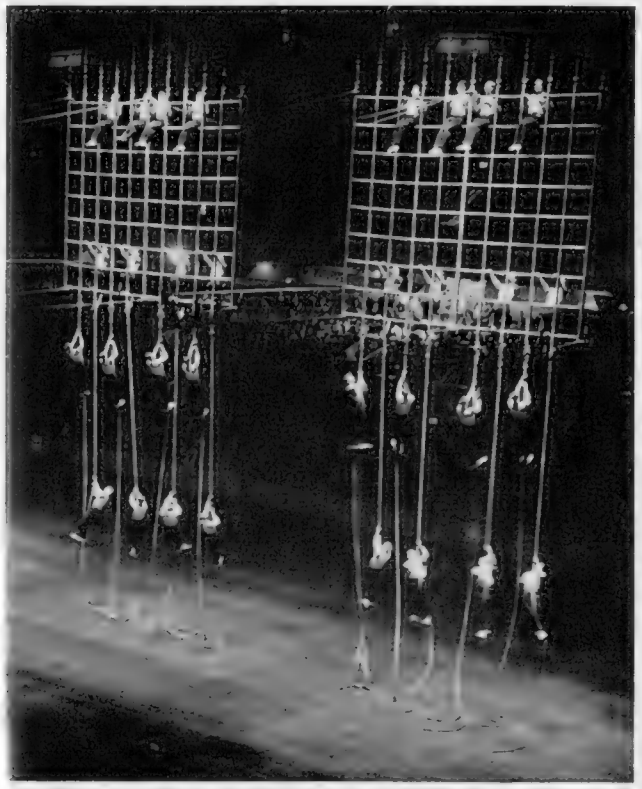
SCENES FROM

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

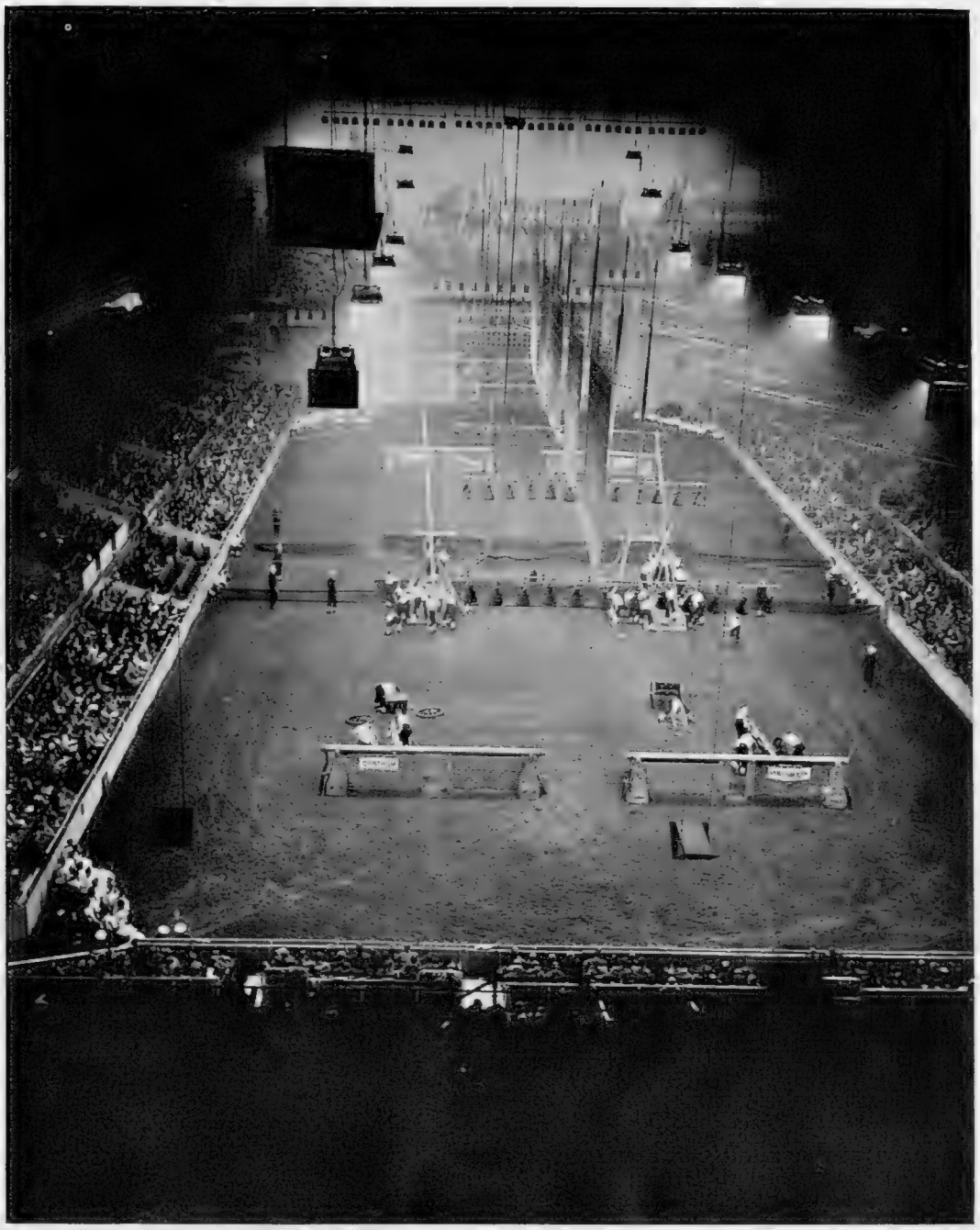
Which was Opened Last Week in the Presence of the Queen



COMPETITIVE TEAM-WORK AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT : A scene during the Royal Naval field-gun competition between Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport and Lee-on-Solent. Nine thousand troops, in London for the Coronation, were living at Earls Court until a few days before the Tournament began, and preparations for the opening had to be rushed.

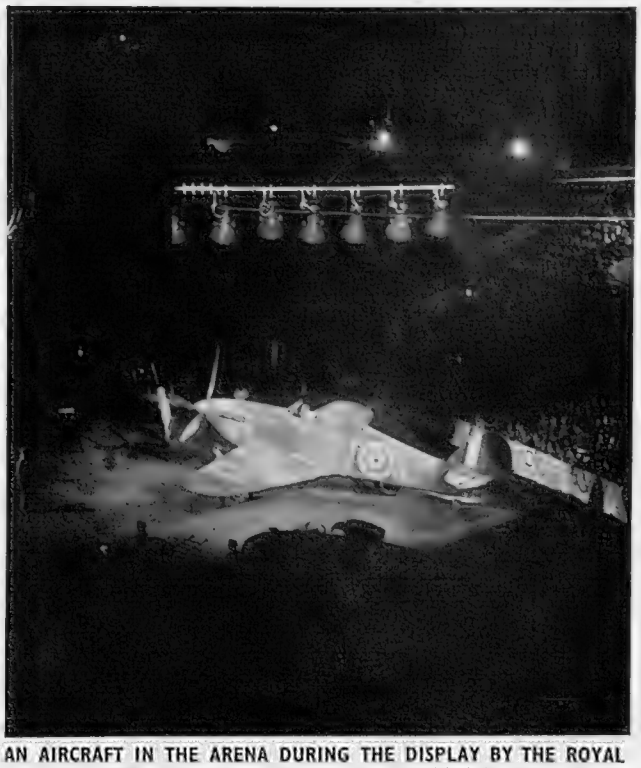


A WINDOW-LADDER AND ROPE-CLIMBING DISPLAY BY MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY : The Royal Tournament, a colourful and exciting display by the fighting Services, dates from 1879.



LOOKING DOWN ON TO THE BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED ARENA AT EARLS COURT, WHERE THE CORONATION YEAR ROYAL TOURNAMENT BEGAN LAST WEEK : Men of the Royal Navy are seen engaged in a field-gun competition. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, went to Earls Court on June 10 for the opening of the Tournament.

MASSED BANDS TAKING PART IN THE PAGEANT BY COMMONWEALTH AND DOMINION TROOPS : An enormous amount of effort goes into the Royal Tournament, which raises large sums of money for Service charities. The Tournament is one of the biggest summer attractions in London. It closes on June 27.



AN AIRCRAFT IN THE ARENA DURING THE DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : Another attraction is provided by men of the R.E.M.E., who show in competition how a jeep can be assembled from component parts in just over three minutes.

FOREIGN COMPETITION ON THE BRITISH MARKET

Our Manufacturers Are Having to Face Considerable Potential Competition Both from the French and the German Manufacturers

BY THE "SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

DO Britain's car manufacturers turn out too many different models? Would it be better for the motoring public if fewer were built? These questions are prompted by a recent report issued by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

The report is concerned with steel and discusses the question of finding outlets for Europe's expanding production of this commodity. It suggests that one way of using more steel is to build more motor-cars, but points out that there is no longer a huge, untapped market for cars unless prices come down.

To ensure lower prices the Commission calls upon manufacturers to concentrate their energies on mass-producing cars of three types: (1) A small, cheap car on the lines of the 2 cv. (3¾ h.p.) Citroen; (2) a rugged utility car similar to the Land-Rover or Austin Champ; and (3) a large car of the size and performance demanded by American motorists, such as the Jaguar Mark VII.

The Commission points out that the price of a Morris Minor, including purchase tax, now represents thirteen months' wages of the average male British factory worker, compared with seven months before the war.

I personally think it would be a sad day if we were ever limited to a choice of three cars as suggested in the Commission's report. Perhaps they don't mean that altogether. They are probably suggesting that while the greatest part of the motor industry's resources and energies should be expended in this three-model policy, small firms would still go on designing and building the higher-priced specialist cars without which European motoring would be so dull.

It will soon be possible to buy German cars in Britain again. This is one of the results of a recently-announced trade agreement between the British Government and the Federal Republic of Western Germany. It provides for an exchange of import licences under which, during 1953, £2,700,000 worth of British passenger cars may be sent to Western Germany and £2,000,000 worth of German cars to the United Kingdom.

Working on the basis of £1,000 per car, it means that Germany can bring cars into Britain at the rate of nearly 100 a week for the rest of the year, though the *annual* rate would be only about fifty a week. But it is a start, and there is no knowing what it might lead to.

Competition, even on this small scale, will be healthy for the British motor industry in the home market, and if the German manufacturers bring in a large number of their relatively inexpensive and cheap-to-run two-stroke runabouts as part of their quota, they might prove so popular as to encourage home manufacturers to think seriously about producing something on similar lines.

There is no certainty, however, that they will send over many of these baby cars as part of their import quota. They may find it more profitable to concentrate on bringing in their bigger cars, such as the Mercédès-Benz (with or without Diesel engines) and the B.M.W.

A car exchange agreement is being negotiated with the French Government, and if it materialises we shall have French cars on sale in Britain, too—in addition to the Citroëns and Renaults assembled in this country.

I have witnessed a number of speed trials on the wonderful motor road outside Ostend, but none has thrilled me more than the one staged there recently by the Standard Motor Company with their new 2-litre Triumph sports car.

Sly smiles on the faces of some of the Standard people had led us to expect a speed over the timed kilometre of well over 100 miles an hour, but none of us, I believe, thought the little two-seater, using an engine that is basically the one which powers the Vanguard, was capable of the fine performance it actually put up. Its mean speed for runs in opposite directions from a flying start over 1 kilometre was 124.8 miles an hour. In one direction it clocked 125.8 m.p.h.

The Triumph did this in what they call "speed trim," with a wind-cheating metal cover over the cockpit, leaving only enough room for the driver's head and shoulders. But even with the hood up and the windscreen in position the car did more than 114 m.p.h. Sir John Black, Standard chief, was there to watch the Triumph do its fast runs, and he was

AN EXPORTED ZEBRA CROSSING—A SERIES OF CROSSINGS IN PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: The zebras seen above are at the crossing formed by 13th Street and Market Street, and have been imported to America by the U.S. Police in an attempt to reduce the large number of road accidents. The pedestrian crossings have been set up at three busy corners in Philadelphia: at two of these corners there have been 129 accidents during the past two years. The crossings are also being used in other American cities.

the first to congratulate the driver, Mr. Ken Richardson, former B.R.M. driver and mechanic, and Mr. E. G. Grinham, the Standard Company's technical director.

Sir John decided on the spot to name the Triumph Sports Car the *Jabekke*, after the name by which the Belgian motor road is known. Up to then it had been known merely as the TR2. The amazing thing about the *Jabekke's* exploits in Belgium is that they were achieved by a car which has a basic price of only £555. Purchase tax is £232. The actual capacity of its 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine is only 1,991 c.c.

I was glad to be driving a Daimler again the other day, for I find the fluid couplings and pre-selective gear-boxes fitted to these famous cars a source of never-failing fascination, even though they may be regarded by some as an expensive luxury.

There was a special reason for the pleasure I felt on this occasion, in sitting in a driving seat behind one of the celebrated fluted radiators. For this car was the new Conquest, which Daimler officials had told me, with even more enthusiasm than usual, was the liveliest model, and the best value for money, the firm had ever built.

I don't think they are far wrong in making this claim. The acceleration of its new 2½-litre, six-cylinder engine is remarkable—much snappier than many people might think possible with a fluid flywheel. It really does possess great verve, this new Daimler, which costs £1,066 (though that's not the reason they named it the "Conquest!"), or £1,511 with purchase tax. The Conquest has a genuine top speed of more than 80 m.p.h., and it's when you are cruising at 70 m.p.h. that the mechanical excellence of the Daimler becomes most apparent. For the engine is quiet and does its work without apparent effort. The car rides well, "straightens" all but the sharpest corners, and makes even pot-holed by-roads seem reasonably smooth.

There is plenty of room for four people in this luxuriously-finished saloon, and five can travel in it in perfect comfort. Among a number of interesting design features are the laminated torsion bars for the independent front springing, the thermal lubrication system, the positive petrol reserve (1½ gallons) and the hand throttle.

Motoring enthusiasts who were at Albi for the recent Grand Prix tell me the B.R.M. racing cars went magnificently until tyre troubles ruined their chances of victory. With the race on this extremely fast French circuit almost half over, three B.R.M.s were lapping at over 100 miles an hour in the first three positions after setting such a cracking pace in their heat that two 4½-litre Ferraris—one of them driven by world champion Alberto Ascari—had packed up.

It looked like a wonderful Coronation victory for Britain. But just when the Britons watching the race began to glow with pride and start thinking that at last the much-maligned B.R.M.s were going to vindicate themselves, things began to happen. Juan Fangio, in the leading B.R.M., damaged his car so badly when his near rear tyre shed its rubber, that he had to retire.

Then Ken Wharton, after a short pit stop to change a faulty tyre, crashed into a wall when another tyre failed while he was travelling at 130 miles an hour. He was thrown out of the car into a ditch and miraculously escaped with a few scratches. The car was wrecked. Froilan Gonzalez also had tyre trouble, but he finished next to the winner, Louis Rosier, whose Ferrari took him to an Albi victory for the fourth time.

The new high-speed test track at the Motor Industry Research Establishment's proving ground at Lindley, in Northamptonshire, is now in use. It has cost a lot of money—£250,000—but Britain's motor firms will find it extremely useful in testing their cars and commercial vehicles at continuous high speeds of up to 100 miles an hour. Triangular in shape, the track is 2.8 miles long.

I wonder if the new Dunlop tubeless tyres will catch on? Another firm have had the same sort of thing on sale in North America for some time, but I am told that only a very small percentage of all the cars in the U.S. and Canada are running on them.

It's largely conservatism, I suppose. That and the extra cost. But there is also another important factor: the reluctance of car manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic to fit tubeless tyres as standard when their cars leave the factory.

Dunlop experts claim that the universal use of tubeless tyres could cut by half the number of punctures suffered by motorists in Britain. But they admit that their new tyres are not proof against major damage such as a big gash.

On right—

A PUNCTURE-PROOF TUBELESS TYRE—ONE OF THE NEW DUNLOP PRODUCTIONS: A series of 3-in. nails have been driven into this section of tyre to demonstrate the efficiency of the sealing layer of rubber inside. The pressure of the treads on the rim seats makes the tyre completely air-proof.

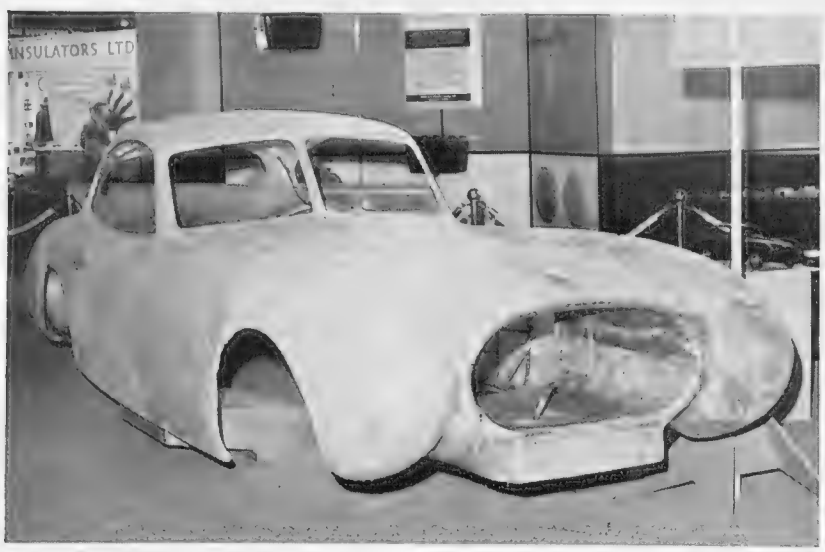
I tried out the other day a Hillman Minx fitted with controls for a legless driver. The car had been converted by Thomson and Taylor, the Weybridge (Surrey) engineers who built the body for the late John Cobb's record-breaking 394.2 m.p.h. Napier-Railton Special.

The Thomson and Taylor conversion set is a fine piece of engineering and confers a boon on disabled drivers who might otherwise be denied the use of a car. This firm specialises in conversion sets for cars built by the Rootes Group. It costs about £95 for a legless driver. A driver with the use of one leg can be fitted up for much less.

During a visit to the Acton factory of Light Steel Pressings, Ltd, a member of the Rootes Group, as the guest of Mr. George Shrigley, director and general manager, I was surprised to learn that they turn out 2,300 different kinds of pressings, ranging from tiny brackets and washers to one-piece roof panels for the Humber Pullman limousine (which, incidentally, is now powered by the Blue Riband 6-cylinder, 4 1-litre o.h.v. engine, which has proved so successful in the Super Snipe).

Mr. Shrigley showed me his firm's imposing battery of presses and as I walked round I saw its 1,400 work-people busy making such things as bonnets and wings for the Super Snipe, petrol tanks for the Hawk and suspension units for the Minx.

As I left I saw lorry-loads of components setting off for Coventry. "We send eighteen loads, on the average, every day," Mr. Shrigley told me. "That's not surprising, perhaps, when you know that we use about 300 tons of sheet steel every week."



A PLASTIC MOTOR-CAR BODY ON SHOW AT THE BRITISH PLASTICS EXHIBITION HELD AT OLYMPIA LAST WEEK: The plastic car-body shown above has been made to fit a Lancia chassis. Among the many other items which were on show was a plastic glider wing with a semi-span of 30 ft., weighing 155 lb.

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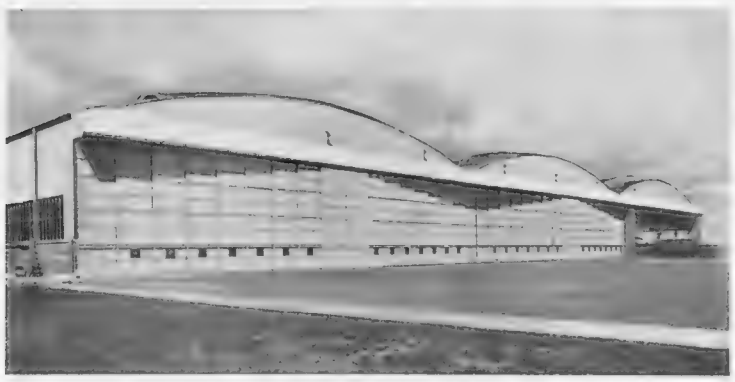

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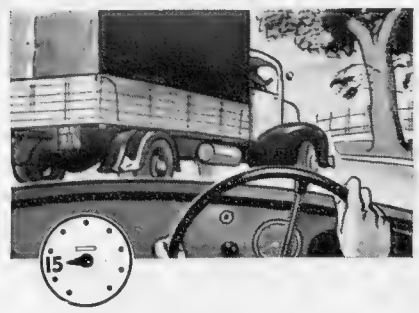

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FORTY YEARS OF LETTERS

A Series of Letters Preserving a Sequence of Interest, Written to the Same Person by Graham Robertson

THE span of Graham Robertson's life was long, but it was not the length of it, or the events through which he lived in his eighty-two years that gave it its peculiar richness. That came directly from the intensity with which he lived in his own world of friendship, painting, music and letters. He was born in 1866 and died only a few years ago, and among the scores of friendships which were such a vital part of his life were those with Ellen Terry and Maeterlinck, Robert Sherwood, the Lunts, the Oliviers and Bernhardt, Oscar Wilde, Geoffrey Keynes and Whistler. Perhaps his greatest talent was for friendship, even greater than his aptitude as a painter, as a critic, as an illustrator or as a collector.

LETTERS FROM GRAHAM ROBERTSON (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) is a selection made over a period of forty years, and all addressed to the same (anonymous) person, so that they preserve a sequence of interest as well as being revelatory of his likes, dislikes and activities. He was, of course, a wit, both in writing and in conversation, and that fact, since the wit was generally unmalicious, made him a splendid companion even for those who were least intimate with him. As a critic he was acute, and although his special interests were confined to Blake, and in a lesser degree to the work of Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Watts, his taste remained even in old age sufficiently catholic to appreciate the genius of such a painter as Graham Sutherland. This volume tells the reader much about an immensely likeable, gifted and extraordinary man in the best of all ways—his own words.

THE 100TH AND CORONATION YEAR EDITION OF "BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE AND KNIGHTAGE": This is the cover of the nearly 3½-in.-thick volume of the Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Peerage, edited by L. G. Pine and published by Burke's Peerage Limited, at 10 guineas. To mark the occasion of the Coronation numerous new features have been included in the work. There are articles on the Prince Consorts of England; the Law and Order of Succession to the Crown; the 100 editions of *Burke's Peerages*; and Suspended Peerages.

THIS CENTURY OF CHANGE 1853–1952 (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is not a title with which anyone could quarrel, for the space of time from mid-Victorianism to our own day includes not only two world wars and a score of minor ones, but at least two social revolutions, achieved more or less without bloodshed. Anthony Weymouth is the pen name, I believe, of a Harley Street doctor, whose writing career includes both books of reminiscence, medicine and popular detection. In the present book he has attempted with some success to give an effective, overall picture of a century that seems to have been more densely crowded with incident than any other, and to illustrate changing manners and ways of life by word sketches of such "typical" figures as Henry Chaplin, Lord Reading, Lord Shaftesbury, Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George.

The story of TATTERSALLS (Hutchinson. 30s.) must necessarily be, if it is a thoroughly informed one, an account also of 200 years of sporting history, and this Mr. Vincent Orchard has given us in an impressive book which traces not only the family business of auctioneering from its start in 1776 at Hyde Park Corner, but the origins of the family itself, as well as the development of the great sport of horse-racing in this country. It is undoubtedly a work of reference to use in future days, but it is also quite absorbing on a first reading, with its stories of spectacular wagers and equally spectacular sales, as when "Bob" Sievier bought the great Sceptre for £10,000 and paid in bank notes. One thing the book appears to prove beyond contest is not only that the Tattersalls had a very well-developed business sense, but that the breeding and racing of thoroughbred horses is an integral part of English life, now as in the eighteenth century.

In the months of June and July one post-war summer, Mr. R. M. Lockley set out with a companion and a small motor-van to drive about in Western Europe—they went to no fewer than eight countries in the end—to record something of what they saw by camera and journal, and, generally speaking, to be intelligent observers of human and animal life. One of the results of the odyssey is Mr. Lockley's book, TRAVELS WITH A TENT (Odhams. 15s.), a discursive and agreeable book, unpretentious in style, and informative in character. From Normandy to the Camargue, from Switzerland through Germany and Denmark to Scandinavia, and with a final flip through Holland and Belgium, the travellers pursued their erratic course, avoiding big towns and main roads where possible, camping out at night and enjoying a holiday in which beauty, hospitality and freedom amply made up for a certain lack of feather beds and bath-tubs. At least one reader would not have the stamina to make the trip himself, but it is amazing how much he has enjoyed reading all about it in the comparative comfort of his sedentary life.

Miss Susan Ertz does not, it seems to me, write nearly as much as she should for the delight of her admirers, who are a fairly patient lot, taken by and large. It is therefore a keen pleasure to report the appearance of a new novel by this author, THE UNDEFENDED GATE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). The thing about Miss Ertz's work, to use that overworked twentieth-century phrase, is that her stories are first of all worth reading for their construction, and, secondly, utterly believable. After a chapter or two of this newest book, and its *exposé* of the matrimonial difficulties of a highly civilised and well-to-do London couple, I felt as though I had sat at their dinner-table a score of times, and that their problems were being less described in detail than talked over by their friend, Miss Ertz and another mutual acquaintance. Which is quite a gift for a novelist to have. I hope you will like the book and enjoy the quiet suavity of its writing as much as I did.

IT 'S DIFFERENT FOR A WOMAN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is more essentially a woman's book in the sense that it is not only by a woman but about them, and I should think almost exclusively, for them. Miss Mary Jane Ward is also the author of *The Snake Pit*, but few contrasts could be more vivid than between the present novel and that brilliant and terrible study of madness. Here Miss Ward is writing about a prosperous Chicago suburb, church socials, family meals and more or less friendly reunions, all on a note of effervescent comedy. It is a light-hearted book, occasionally really funny, often ironic and always sharply perceptive of the most feminine foibles. One must admire, incidentally, the vigour of the feminine scope that can give us two books of such diametrically different themes.

It is difficult to know what to say about Mr. Evelyn Waugh's little book, LOVE AMONG THE RUINS (Chapman and Hall. 6s.), without showing too clearly the exasperation of a reader who has always admired the author's work quite prodigiously and who hopes some day to be allowed to admire it again. This "Romance of the Near Future" was, one feels certain, fun for Mr. Waugh to compose and fun possibly for his friends to hear, and fun for them to help him with the drawings. But it is no fun at all for the ex-fan reading it. For him it is no more than an adolescent joke, worked far too hard with typical adolescent enthusiasm and lack of adult taste.

CALYPSO (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is an example of that courageous enterprise, a man writing a novel based entirely on the life and loves of a woman. Mr. Humphrey Slater attacks his task with gusto, indeed, *con brio*, and makes a very entertaining thing of the greater part of this story of a lovely girl whose great good looks are supplemented, rather unexpectedly, by a kind of childish ruthlessness. Like the man in O. Henry's story, searching everywhere for an example of the man about town, only to achieve the description for himself in an obituary, she would have been surprised to be called a *femme fatale*. Mr. Slater tells her story in two parts, showing her as a girl eloping to the South of France in the '20s and thirty years later, apparently a smart middle-aged woman, and basically exactly the same person. On the whole, this plan for a novel succeeds, and I particularly liked the author's description of Midi life and the artless changes in place-names.

Mr. Jerzy Pietrkiewicz was a young Polish poet when he came to England in 1940 without a word of English. Eleven years later he had written a novel in that language, and for its command of the idiom and the image as well as for its sensitive power, THE KNOTTED CORD (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a novel of clear distinction. The story is concerned with a child, a little boy, whose mother dedicates him to St. Anthony and who lives for three of his years in the habit of a little monk. His search for the truth about his parentage, and the terrible precocity of his growing-up in the small Polish village, make a poignant study that tells one much about Polish country people, and even more about Mr. Pietrkiewicz's talent.

Another of this week's new novels THE CHINA DOLL (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Miss Barbara Goolden, whose remarkable sensitivity helps her through a story of young love and parental reactions.

THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK, 1553-1953, *has been published for a Committee of Old Blues by* Hamish Hamilton *at 21s. The preparation of the volume was undertaken by the Committee in order to celebrate the quater-centenary of Christ's Hospital. There is a foreword by the Duke of Gloucester and the book is enriched with many illustrations.*

There are two new additions to the Faber Gallery. They are **DEGAS** *(Second Volume), with an introduction and notes by Michael Ayrton, and* **DOUANIER ROUSSEAU**, *with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski, who is also the General Editor of both editions. Each book is published by* Faber and Faber *at 9s. 6d. In the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art there is* **CHINESE PAINTING** (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), *with an introduction and notes by Chiang Yee. The General Editor is Basil Gray.*

WHEN HOUSEWIVES HAD NO CHOICE

Christina Hole's Seventeenth-Century Survey

Once upon a time in England, housewifery was a fine art and was regarded by almost everyone as the most honourable and satisfying of vocations. The principal object of every woman's ambition was to make a home for her family that was good in every particular, where order and cheerfulness flourished side by side with religion. Never was that spirit better exemplified than in the seventeenth century, an age when women did not sit on committees nor did they have to hurry through their domestic duties before or after their outside work. Christina Hole, well known for her researches into English customs and traditions, has produced a book of exceptional interest in THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). The misfortunes and upheavals of that troubled century really placed the housewife on her metal, and Miss Hole shows time and time again how well she acquitted herself, despite the extraordinary demands made upon her, when houses were pillaged by enemies and erstwhile friends, when soldiers were constantly being billeted upon them, and all was chaos in a land beset by Civil War. The provision of a generous table was one of the seventeenth-century housewife's principal duties, and before the very strict Game Act of 1671 deprived the cottager alike of sport and food, unless, of course, he turned poacher, rabbits, hares, fish and game were to be had in abundance upon England's vast tracts of heath and moorland and the great undrained fens. Apparently the seventeenth century was a period of shocking table manners, interspersed with little courtesies, mostly of French importation, which after becoming the custom of the Court, gradually spread throughout society. The general picture, however, is one of good order and good living, and there is no doubt that the Stuart housewife was something of a wonder. She could not, indeed, afford to be otherwise in an age when doctors were scarce, when dining in public was not the fashion, and the emergencies of war were never far away. It was an age when housewives had no choice, but hard work.

Ian Colvin's THE UNKNOWN COURIER (William Kimber. 15s.) has already had a spate of publicity through being serialised in the Sunday Press, but it is a remarkable tale which deserves to be read in full, this story of the corpse, dressed up as a major of the Royal Marines, equipped with documents of every kind, and launched upon the waters for the sole purpose of deceiving the Germans and the Italians as to Allied intentions in Europe. The corpse of Major Martin floated ashore on the Spanish coast at Huelva, having been conveniently launched from the British submarine *Seraph*, and German documents now reveal the great success of the ruse. Ian Colvin tells us just how His Majesty's Government carried the deception through, and how it was almost frustrated through the failure of the corpse to remain in good condition. However, the Spaniards and the German agents were duly misled, and if Major Martin did not win the war he may at least have saved thousands of lives, causing the Germans and Italians to spread their defences wider than they need have done otherwise. An important point that Mr. Colvin makes is that all the letters placed upon the unknown courier's body were extremely clear-cut in their exposition of facts. There was nothing in them that could not be understood. Mr. Colvin feels that a little obscurity here and there would have added the master-touch.

There is justification for another book on Roald Amundsen, the great Norwegian explorer, if only in the fact that his personality remains strangely obscure, although his deeds were known to the whole world. Mr. Bellamy Partridge, in his excellent new biography AMUNDSEN (Robert Hale. 16s.), throws some light on the character of the Norwegian leader, whom he describes as a man of many acquaintances and few intimates, a man who was intensely shy and reserved, who had the gift of leadership and loved and trusted the men he lead. Mr. Partridge quotes Lincoln Ellsworth, the only man who ever shared command with Amundsen, in making his assessment. Ellsworth emphasises that Amundsen was a man who never lost the dreams of youth, and declares that as he came to know him better that contact only served to enhance his hero worship of the man who in the twentieth century won nearly all the prizes still remaining to be won in polar seas. Mr. Partridge has written the story of Amundsen's life briefly and well, and he has been careful in avoiding controversy in his references to General Nobile, for whom Amundsen was searching when he met his end.

Two admirable books for the country lover are D. W. Gillingham's UNTO THE FIELDS (Museum Press. 17s. 6d.) and NATURE THROUGH THE SEASONS IN COLOUR (Odhams. 21s.). Mr. Gillingham's book is the story of a few rural acres on the verge of Epping Forest, acres which from his youth he grew to know and love, only to return from the Second World War to find them being given over to a vast housing estate. The second volume belongs to the grand series of coloured books produced by Odhams. Noted artists, including John Nash and C. F. Tunnicliffe, have contributed to these pages, which are intended to show the true glories of rural England amid the changing seasons.

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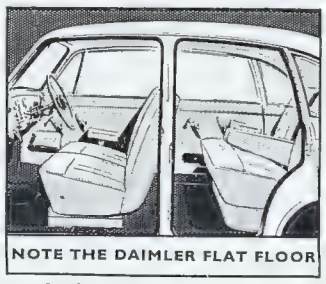

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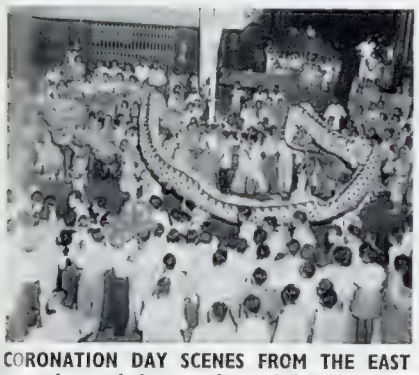
CORONATION CELEBRATIONS ABROAD

Pictures from Australia, Singapore, Washington, Rhodesia and Gibraltar

A CORONATION DAY PARADE IN AUSTRALIA : Some of the 1,000 Australian airmen who took part in a Queen's Colour Parade at the big R.A.A.F. station at Richmond, near Sydney. They are seen giving three cheers for Her Majesty.



CORONATION DAY SCENES FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST : *On left*—A dragon dance being performed in the streets of Singapore. *On right*—Some of the many visitors to the British Embassy in Washington on Coronation Day.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF MAKING HIS SPEECH OF LOYALTY TO THE QUEEN : Chief Chinamora of Goromonzi, Rhodesia, with a European interpreting sentence by sentence, speaking to the great multitude of Africans and Europeans who gathered for the Coronation "Indaba" near Salisbury. Immediately behind the speaker are his fellow-chiefs, with their sun-helmets, staves and chief's badges worn on chains around their necks. Most of them wear lounge suits beneath their robes.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GORDON MACMILLAN, THE GOVERNOR, LEADING CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN AT THE GIBRALTAR CELEBRATIONS : With General MacMillan on the saluting-base is General Guillaume, Inspector of the French Military Forces in North Africa, who travelled across to Gibraltar in the cruiser *Gloire* for the occasion. The famous Rock was practically smothered with bunting as British troops led the residents of Gibraltar in the day's festivities. British, American and French troops and sailors took part in the morning parade.

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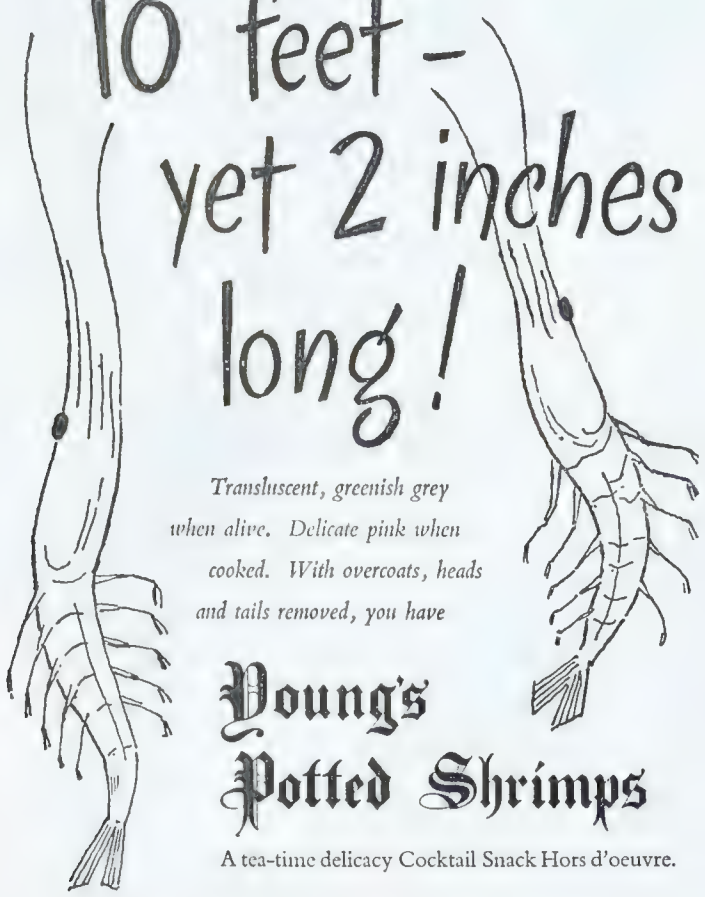

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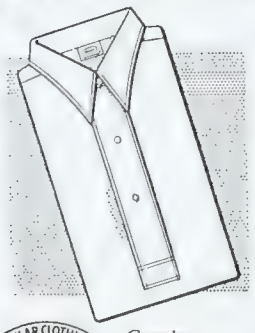

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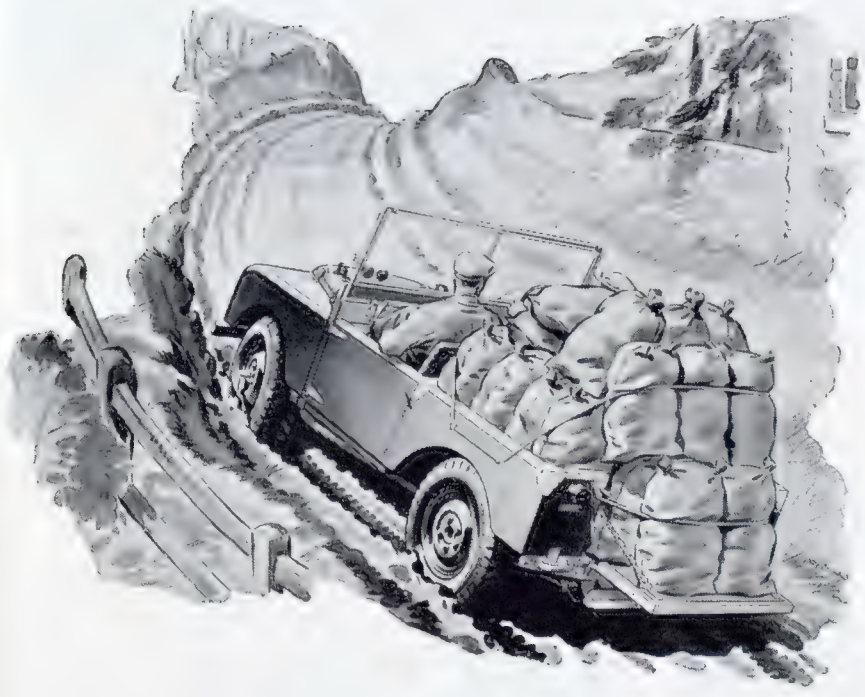

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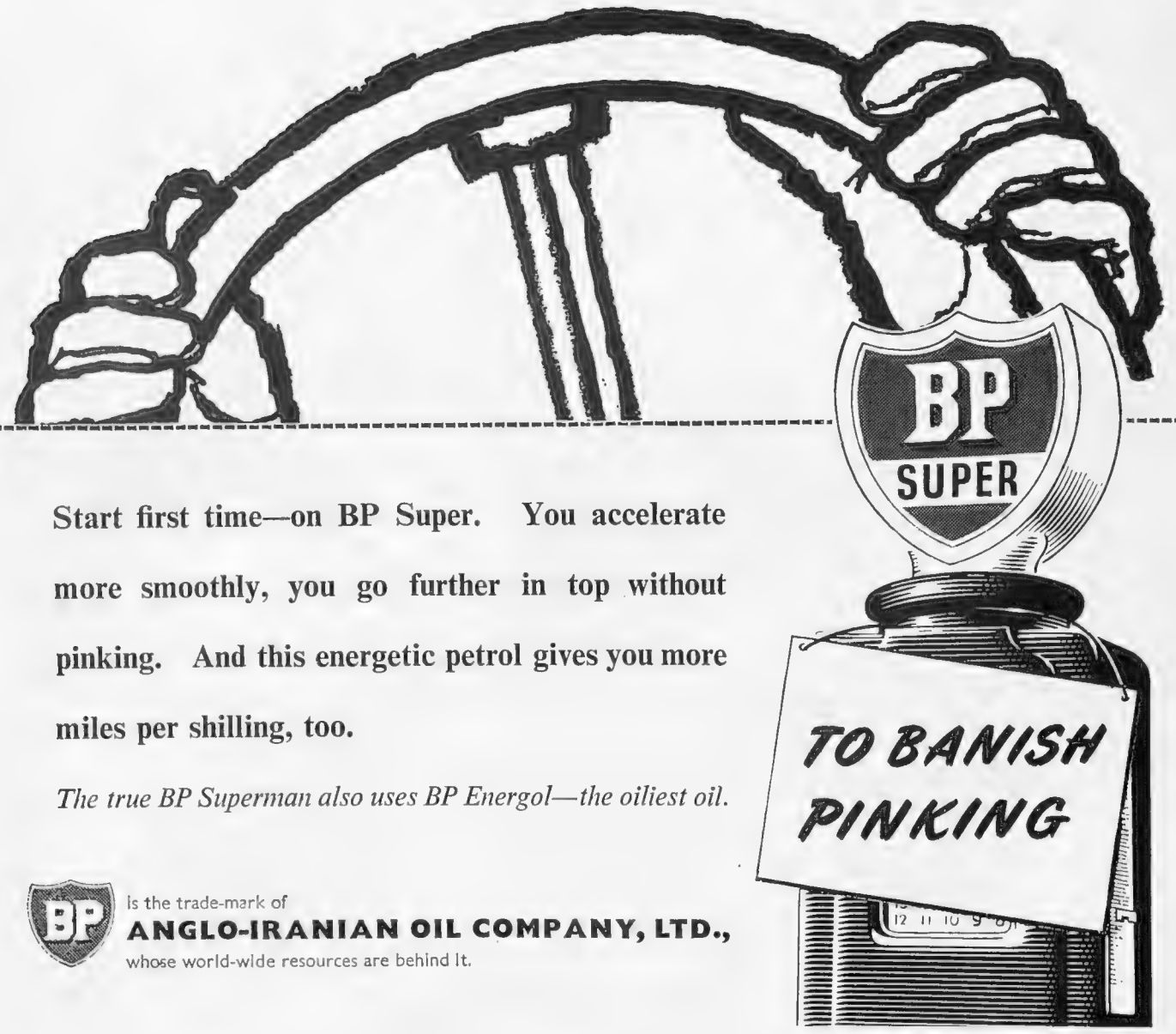

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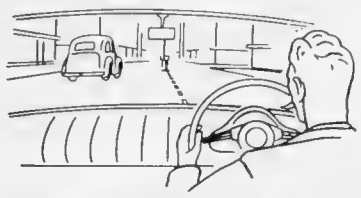

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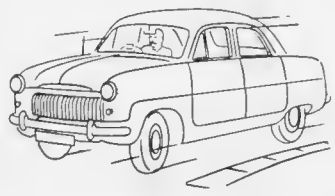

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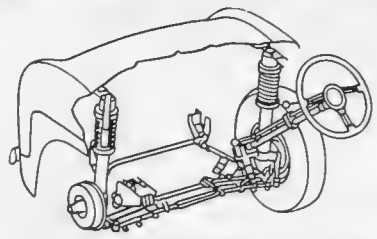

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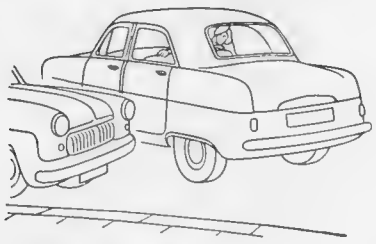

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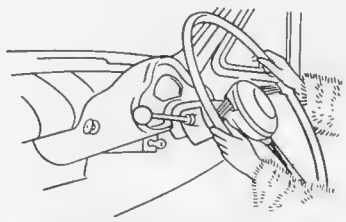

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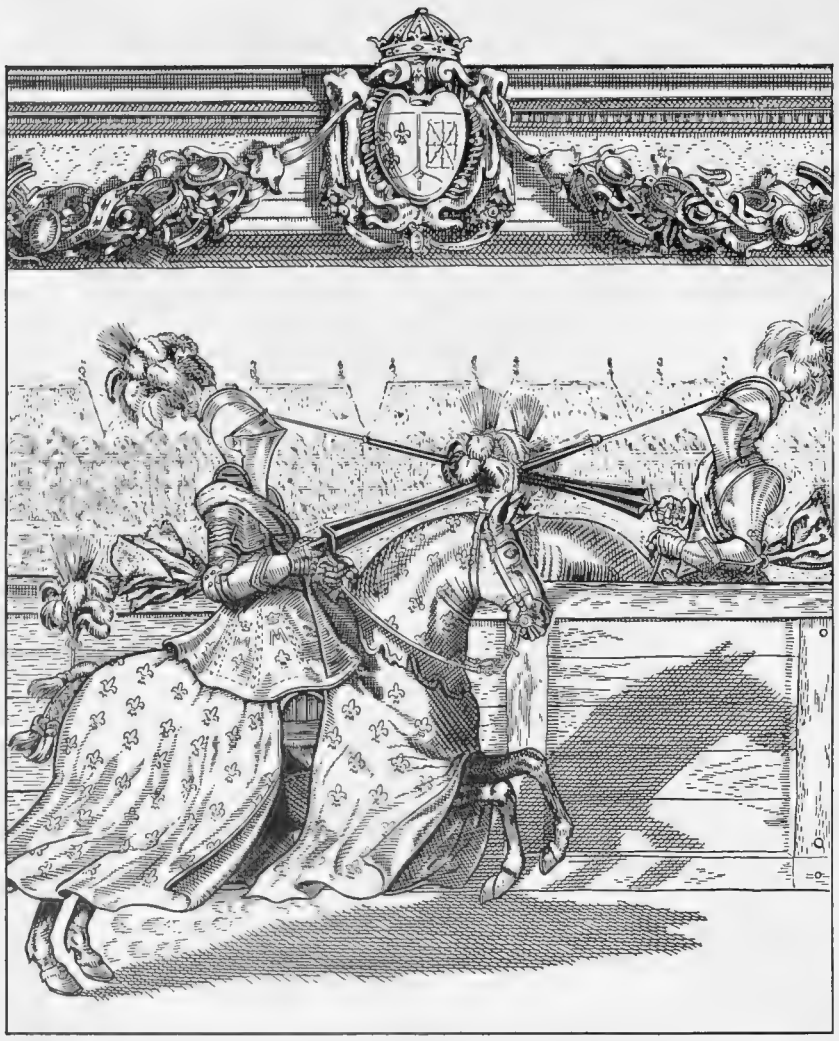

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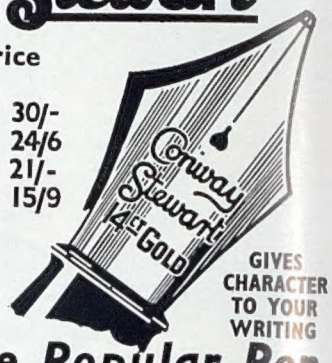

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"he gaf William the coroun"

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Only a few weeks after the defeat of King Harold at the battle of Hastings, William, Duke of Normandy "*repaired to a house near London Stone, and thence proceeded to the Abbey at the head of a splendid cavalcade, surrounded with all the trappings of royalty. Near to his person, next to the Norman banners, rode the English nobles and officers of state.*" This unashamed display of armed might, vital in those days when a winged arrow or descending sword could unseat even an anointed Monarch, became softer in character only after many centuries had passed. Indeed fear must have ridden with every man on that Christmas Day in 1066, for when Ealdred, Archbishop of York and Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the English and the Normans, each in their own language whether William should take the dignity of King of England, the shouts of acclamation from the assembled nobles alarmed the nervous Norman cavalry outside the Abbey. Believing that a riot had begun, they immediately attacked the crowd and set fire to the houses nearby. The flames and smoke alarmed the nobles, most of whom fled to safety, leaving William in an almost empty church to take the oath of the Saxon Kings. Thus, amid confusion and fire, began the English Sovereignty of the Houses of Normandy, Blois and Anjou, known more familiarly to every schoolboy as the Reign of the Plantagenets.

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